National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. Without Concealment—Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, COR. EDITORS

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Selections.

FROM a Report recently issued from the Census Office, at Washington, we take the following interesting and important statement of facts made from the Census returns in relation to the population of the United States, both bond and free:

The seventh enumeration of the inhabitants of the United States exhibits results which every citizen of the country may contemplate with gratification and pride. Since the Census of 1840 there have been added to the territory of the Republic, by annexation, conquest, and purchase, 635,988 square miles, and our title to regions covering 341,463 square miles, which before properly belonged to us, but was claimed, and partially occupied by a foreign power, has been established by negotiation, and it has been brought within our acknowledged boundaries. By such means, the area of the United States has been extended during the past ten years from 2,055,163, to 3,221,595, square miles — without including the great Lakes which lie upon our northern border, or the Bays which indentate our Atlantic and Pacific shores; all which has come within the scope of the seventh Census.

In the endeavour to ascertain the progress of our population since 1840, it will be proper to deduct from the aggregate number of inhabitants shown by the present Census, the population of Texas in 1840, and the number embraced within the limits of California, and the new Territories at the time of their acquisition. From the best information which has come to hand, it is believed that Texas contained in 1840, 75,000 inhabitants, and that when California, New Mexico and Oregon came into our possession in 1846, they had a population of 97,000. It thus appears that we have received by additions of Territory, since 1840, an accession of 172,000 to the number of our people.

The increase which has taken place in those extended regions since they came under the authority of our Government should obviously be received as a part of the development and progress of our population; nor is it necessary to complicate the comparison by taking into account the probable natural increase of this acquired population, because we have not the means of determining the rate of its advancement nor the law which governed its progress while yet beyond the influence of our political system. The year 1840, rather than the date of our enumeration of Texas, has been taken for estimating her population in connection with that of the Union, because it may be safely assumed that whatever the increase during the five intervening years may have been, it was mainly, if not altogether, derived from the United States.

Owing to delays and difficulties mentioned in completing the work, which no action on the part of this office could obviate, some of the returns from California have not yet been received.

Assuming the population of California to be 165,000 (which we do partly by estimate), and omitting that of Utah estimated at 15,000, the total number of inhabitants in the United States was, on the 1st of June, 1850, 23,246,301.

The absolute increase from 1st of June, 1840, has been 6,176,848, and the actual increase per cent is 36.18. But it has been shown that the probable amount of population acquired by additions of territory should be deducted in making a comparison between the results of the present and the last census. These deductions reduce the total population of the country, as a *basis of comparison*, to 23,074,301, and the increase to 6,004,848. The relative increase after this allowance, is found to be 35.17 per cent. The aggregate number of whites in 1850 was 19,619,366, exhibiting a gain upon the number of the same class in 1840 of 5,423,371, and a relative increase of 38.28 per cent. But excluding the 153,000 free population supposed to have been acquired by the addition of territory since 1840, the gain is 5,270,371, and the increased per cent 37.14. The number of slaves by the present census is 3,198,298, which shows an increase of 711,085, equal to 28.50 per cent. If we deduct 19,000 for the probable slave population of Texas in 1840, the result of the comparison will be slightly different. The absolute increase will be 692,085, and the rate per cent 27.83.

The number of free coloured people in 1850 was 428,637; in 1840, 386,235. The increase of this class has been 42.392, or 10.95 per cent.

From 1830 to 1840 the increase of the whole population was at the rate of 32.67 per cent. At the same rate of advancement, the absolute gain for the ten years last past would have been 5,578,333, or 426,515 less than it has been without including the increase consequent upon additions of Territory.

The aggregate increase of population from all sources shows a relative advance greater than that or any other decimal term, except that from the second to the third census, during which time the country received an accession of inhabitants by the purchase of Louisiana, considerably greater than one per cent. of the whole number. Rejecting from the Census of 1810 1.45 per cent. for the population of Louisiana, and from the Census of 1850 1 per cent. for that of Texas, California, &c., the result is in favour of the last ten years by about one-four' teenth of one per cent.; the gain from 1800 to 1810 being 35.05 per cent., and from 1840 to 1850 35.12 per cent. But without going behind the sum of the returns, it appears that the increase from the second to the third Census was thirty-two hundredths of one per cent. greater than from the sixth to the seventh.

The relative progress of the several races and classes of the population is shown in the following tabular statement.

Increase per cent. of each class of inhabitants in the United States for sixty years.

	1790 to 1800	1800 to 1810	1810 to 1820	1820 to 1830	1830 to 1840	1840 to 1850
Whites	35.68	36.18	34.30	34 52	34.72	38.28
Free coloured	82.28	72.00	27.75	34.85	20.88	10 95
Slaves	27.96	33.40	29.57	30.75	23.81	28.58
Total coloured	33.23	37 58	29.33	31.31	23.40	26.16
Total popula'n	35.02	36 50	33.35	33.92	32 67	36.18

The Census had been taken previously to 1830 on the 1st day of August; the enumeration began that year on the first of June, two months earlier, so that the interval between the fourth and fifth Census was two months less than ten years; which time allowed for would bring the total increase up to the rate of 34.36 per cent.

The tables given below show the increase from 1790 to 1850, without reference to intervening periods.

	1790	1850	Absolute increase in sixty yrs.	Increase per ct. in sixty yrs.
No. whites	3,172,464	29,630,019	16,457,555	52,797
Free col.	59,466	428,637	369,171	61,747
Slaves	697,896	3,184,262	2,486,365	35,013
Total free col. and slaves	757,363	3,612,899	2,855,536	377
Total Pop.	3,929,827	23,246,301	19,316,417	491,152

Sixty years since, the proportion between the whites and blacks, bond and free, was 4.2 to 1. In 1850 it was 5.26 to 1, and the ratio in favour of the former race is increasing. Had the blacks increased as fast as the whites during these sixty years, the number on the 1st of June would have been 4,657,-239, so that, in comparison with the whites, they have lost in this period 1,350,340.

This disparity is much more than accounted for by European emigration to the United States.

Dr. Chickering, in an essay upon Immigration, published at Boston in 1848, distinguished for great elaborateness of research, estimates the gain of the white population, from this source, at 3,922,152. No reliable record was kept of the Immigrants into the United States, until 1820, when, by the laws of March, 1819, the Collectors were required to make quarterly returns of foreign passengers arriving in their districts. For the first ten years, the returns under the laws afford materials for only an approximation to a true state of the facts involved in this inquiry.

Dr. Chickering assumes, as a result of his investigations, that of the 6,431,088 inhabitants of the United States in 1820, 1,430,906 were foreigners arrived subsequent to 1790, or the descendants of such. According to Dr. Seybert, an earlier writer upon statistics, the number of foreign passengers from 1790 to 1810 was, as nearly as could be ascertained, 120,000, and from the estimates of Dr. Seybert, and other evidence, Hon. Geo. Tucker, author of a valuable work on the census of 1840, supposed the number from 1810 to 1820 to have been 114,000. These estimates make for the thirty years preceding 1820, 234,000.

If we reckon the census of immigrants at the average rate of the whole body of white population during these three decades, they and their descendants in 1820 would amount to about 360,000.

From 1820 to 1830 there arrived, according to the returns of the Custom houses, 135,986 foreign passengers, and from 1830 to 1840, 579,370, making for the twenty years 715,356.

During this period a large number of emigrants from England, Scotland and Ireland, came into the United States through Canada.

Dr. Chickering estimates the number of such from 1820 to 1830 at 67,993, and from 1830 to 1840 at 199,130; for the twenty years together, 267,123. During the same time a considerable number are supposed to have landed at New York, with the purpose of pursuing their route to Canada, but it is probable that the number of these was balanced by omissions in the official returns.

Without reference to the natural increase then, the accession to our population from foreign sources from 1820 to 1840 was 982,479 persons.

From 1840 to 1850 the arrivals of foreign passengers in the ports of the United States have been as follows:

1840 '41	83,504
1842	101,107
1843	75,159
1844	74,607
1845	102,415
*1846	202,157
1847	234,756
1848	226,524
1849	269,610
†1850	173,011
	1,552,830

* This return includes fifteen months, to wit, from July 1st, 1845, to 30th Sept., 1846.

† The report from the State Department for this year gives 315,333 as the total number of passengers arriving in the United States; but of these 30,023 were citizens of the Atlantic States proceeding to California by sea, and 5,320 natives of the country returning from visits abroad. A deduction of 106,879 is made from the balance for that portion of the year from June first to September 30th. Within the last ten years there has probably been very little migration of foreigners into the United States over the Canada frontier; the disposition to take the route by Quebec, having yielded to the increased facilities for direct passenger transportation to the cities of the Union; what there has been may perhaps be considered as equalled by the number of foreigners passing into Canada, often landing at New York, many having been drawn thither by the opportunity of employment afforded by the public works of the province.

As the heaviest portion of this great influx of immigration took place in the latter part of the decade, it will probably be fair to estimate the natural increase during the term at 12 per cent., being about one-third of that of the white population of the country at its commencement.

This will swell the aggregate to 1,739,192. Deducting this accession to the population from the whole amount of the increase of white inhabitants before given, that increase is shown to be 3,684,519, and the rate per cent. is reduced to 25.95.

The density of population is a branch of the subject, which naturally first attracts the attention of the inquirer. The following table has been prepared from the most authentic data accessible to this office.

Table of the area, and the number of Inhabitants to the square mile, of each State and Territory of the Union:

STATES.	Area in sq. miles.	Population in 1850.	No. of inhab. to sq. mile
Maine	30,000	583,188	19.44
New Hampshire	9,280	317,964	34 26
Vermont	10,212	313,611	30 07
Massachusetts	7,800	994,499	126.10
Rhode Island	1,360	147,544	108.05
Connecticut	4,674	370,791	79.33
New York	46,000	3,097,394	67.66
New Jersey	8,320	489,555	60.04
Pennsylvania	46,000	2,311,786	50.25
Delaware	2,120	91,535	43.64
Maryland	9,356	583,035	63 31
Virginia	61,352	1,421,661	23.17
North Carolina	45,000	868,903	19.30
South Carolina	24,500	668,507	27.28
Georgia	58,000	905,999	15.68
Alabama	50,722	771,671	15.21
Mississippi	47,156	606,555	12.86
Louisiana	46,431	511,974	11.02
Texas	237,321	212,592	.89
Florida	59,268	87,401	1.47
Kentucky	37.680	982,405	26.07
Tennessee	45,600	1,002,625	21 98
Missouri	67,380	682,043	10.12
Arkansas	52,198	209,639	4 01
Ohio	39,964	1,980,408	49.55
Indiana	33,809	988,416	29 23
Illinois	55,405	851,470	15.36
Michigan	56,243	397,654	7.07
Iowa	50,914	192,214	3.77
Wisconsin	53.924	305,191	5.65
California	183,981		
Minnesota	83,000	6.077	.07
Oregon	341,463	13,293	.03
New Mexico	210,744	61,505	.28
Utah	187.923		
Nebraska	136,700		
Indian	187,171		
North-West	587,504		
Dist. of Columbia	60	51,687	861.44
	3,221,505	23,080,792	

[It will be noted that the population of California, and the Territories of Utah, Nebraska, the Indian and North Western Territories, is not included in the above table—the official returns not having been received.]

From the location, climate, productions, and the habits and pursuits of their inhabitants, the States of the Union may be properly arranged into the following groups:

	Area or sq. miles.	Popul'n.	No. of inhab. to sq. mile.
New England States	63,226	2,727,597	43.07
Middle States, including Maryl'd, Delaware and Ohio,	151,760	8,653,718	57.02
Coast plant'g States, including S. Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alab'a, Mississippi and Louisiana	286,077	3.537,089	12.36
Centr'l Slave States, Virginia, N. Carolina, Tenn., Kentucky, Missouri, and Arkansas	308,210	5,168,000	16.75
North West. States, Indiana, Mich'n, Illinois, Wiscon., and Iowa	250,009	2,735,000	10.92
Texas	237,000	212,000	.89
California	189,000	165,000	.87

These are points of agreement in the general characteristics of the States combined in the above groups which warrant the mode of arrangement adopted. Maryland is classed as heretofore with the Middle States, because its leading interests appear to connect it rather with the commercial and manufacturing section to which it is here assigned, than with the purely agricultural States. Ohio is placed in the same connection for nearly similar reasons. There seems to be a marked propriety for setting off the new agricultural States of the North West by themselves, as a preliminary to the comparison of their progress with other portions of the Union. The occupations which give employment to the people of the central range of States south of the line of the Potomac, distinguish them to some extent from that division to which we have given the appellation of coast planting States. In the latter, cotton, sugar and rice are the great staples, the cultivation of which is so absorbing as to stamp its impress on the character of the people. The industry of the central States is more diversified, the surface of the country is more broken, the modes of cultivation are different, and the minuter divisions of labour create more numerous and less accordant interests. So far as Texas is settled, its population closely assimilates with that of the other coast planting States, but it would obviously convey no well-founded idea of the density of population in that section to distribute their people over the most uninhabited region of Texas. For the same reason and the additional one of the isolation of her position, California is considered distinct from other States.

Taking the thirty-one States together, their area is 1,485,870 square miles, and the average number of their inhabitants is 15.48 to the square mile. The total area of the United States is 3,220,000 square miles, and the average density of population is 7.219 to the square mile.

The areas assigned to those States and territories in which public lands are situated are doubtless correct, being taken from the records of the land office; but as to those attributed to the older States, the same means of verifying their accuracy, or the want of it, do not exist. But care has been taken to consult the best local authorities for ascertaining the extent of surface in those States, and as the figures adopted are found to agree with, or differ but slightly from those assumed to be correct at the General Land Office, it is probable they do not vary essentially from the exact truth.

The area of some of the States, as Maryland and Virginia, are stated considerably below the commonly assumed extent of their Territory, which may be accounted for on the supposition that the portions of the surface within their exterior limits covered by large bodies of water have been subtracted from the aggregate amount. This is known to be the case in regard to Maryland, the superficial extent of which within the outlines of its boundaries is 13,959 square miles—and is deemed probable with reference to Virginia, from the fact that many Geographers have given its total area as high as 66,000 square miles.

It appears from the returns that during the year ending on the 1st June, 1850, there escaped from their owners 1011 slaves, and that during the same period 1,467 were manumitted. The number of both classes will appear in the following:

MANUMITTED AND FUGITIVE SLAVES IN 1850.

	Manumitted.	*Fugitive.*
Delaware	277	26
Maryland	493	279
Virginia	218	83
Kentucky	152	96
Tennessee	45	70
North Carolina	2	64
South Carolina	2	16
Georgia	19	89
Florida	22	18
Alabama	16	29
Mississippi	6	41
Louisiana	159	90
Texas	5	29
Arkansas	1	21
Missouri	50	60
Totals	1,467	1,011

In connection with this statement, and as affecting the natural increase of the free coloured population of the United States, it may be proper to remark that, during the year to which the census applies, the Colonisation Society sent 562 coloured emigrants to Liberia.

In our calculations respecting the increase of the free coloured population, we have not considered that class of persons independent of these two causes which respectively swell and diminish their number.

The statistics of mortality for the census year represent the number of deaths occurring within the year at 320,194, the ratio being as 1 to 72.6 of the living population, or as 10 to each 726 of the population. The rate of mortality in this statement seems so much less than that of any portion of Europe, that it must at present be received with some degree of allowance.

Should a more critical examination, which time will enable us to exercise, prove the returns of the number of deaths too small, such a result will not affect their value for the purposes of comparison of one portion of the country with another, or cause with effect. The tables will possess an interest second to none others in the world, and the many valuable truths which they will suggest will be found of great practical advantage.

Medical men accord to the Census Bureau no small meed of credit for the wisdom manifested in an arrangement which will throw more light on the history of disease in the United States, and present in connection more interesting facts connected therewith, than the united efforts of all scientic men have heretofore accomplished.

ACTION OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA LEGISLATURE

ON THE COMMUNICATION OF THE BRITISH CONSUL, RELATIVE TO THE LAW CONCERNING COLOURED SEAMEN—THE GOVERNMENT OF SOUTH CAROLINA IN COMMUNICATION WITH THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

[From the Southern Standard, Dec. 5.]

WE publish, this morning, the very able report of Mr. Mazyck, Chairman of the special committee on the communication of the British consul, in reference to the confinement of coloured seamen. The report was adopted unanimously in the Senate, and the matter may now be considered as finally determined.

The following is the report of the committee:

THE LAW OF COLOURED SEAMEN.

The Special Committee, to whom was referred the Message of his Excellency, the Governor, transmitting communications received by him from George B. Mathew, Esq. Her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the States of North and South Carolina, relative to the law of the State, to prevent free negroes, and other persons of colour, from entering into it, have had the same under consideration, and ask leave respectfully to submit the following

REPORT.

The grounds of complaint submitted by Her Majesty's Consul, against the law in question, are substantially as follows:

1st. That it takes from under the protection of the British flag, and imprisons in the common jails, until the vessels in which they come are ready to depart, a class of Her Majesty's subjects entering into the ports of South Carolina under the security of the treaty of commerce between Her Majesty and the United States, in pursuit of lawful commerce, or in distress, thereby violating one of the provisions of the treaty, which is the supreme law of the land.

2d. That it bears with peculiar hardship and inequality upon Her Majesty's West India Colonies, which mainly depend for their supplies of lumber, provisions, and other material articles, upon their trade with the United States, which is carried on in small vessel, chiefly manned by coloured crews, and for which the ports of North and South Carolina are especially suitable.

3d. That it conflicts with the general principle of international law, that police or municipal regulations, so existent with treaties, should extend to foreigners the same restrictions, and no more, which are applied to natives, or subjects of the same class of sailing.

The first article of the treaty declares that "There shall be between the territories of the United States of America, and all the territories of Her Britannic Majesty, in Europe, a reciprocal liberty of commerce. The inhabitants of the two countries respectively shall have liberty, freely and securely, to come with their ships and cargoes to all such places, ports and rivers, in the territories aforesaid, to which other foreigners are permitted to come, to enter into the same, and to remain and reside in every part of the said territories respectively; also to hire and occupy houses and warehouses, for the purposes of their commerce; and generally the merchants and traders of each nation respectively shall enjoy the most complete protection and security for their commerce, but subject always to the laws and statutes of the two countries respectively."

This is, no doubt, the provisions of the treaty with which our law is supposed to be at variance.

Such general language as is here used, has never been, nor can it be, justly understood to deprive the contracting parties of the right to exclude, from their respective territories, any class of persons who might be burdensome to the public, or dangerous to the health or to the peace, good order and security of the community. Laws against the ingress of persons labouring under contagious or infectious diseases, or coming from places where such diseases prevail, and laws for the exclusion of foreign paupers and convicts, and persons of vicious character, are almost universal, and are not deemed inconsistent with the most liberal treaties of reciprocal commerce. Our laws against the entrance of free persons of colour into the State falls strictly within the principle of these exceptions. Of the degree of necessity for the enactment of such laws, and their fitness for the purposes for which they are intended, each government must judge for itself. In this, as in all other matters concerning the execution of treaties, the contracting parties are bound to the observance of good faith. If, under the pretext of excluding a dangerous class of persons, one party should exclude a material portion of the subjects of the other, usually employed in commerce and navigation, so as seriously to obstruct or embarrass the intercourse which the treaty was intended to sanction and secure, this would be a fraud upon the treaty, and might be justly complained of as such. But no such objection can be made to the law in question. It is certainly very far from being unreasonable or surprising that free persons of colour, coming from abroad into this State, should be deemed a dangerous class of persons, and dealt with accordingly. And they constitute so inconsiderable a portion of the subjects of the British empire, that their exclusion cannot occasion any serious inconvenience to the commerce carried on in British vessels with the ports of South Carolina. Nor can it be said, with a due regard to the proper sense of the words, that persons of this class, coming into our ports in British vessels, are taken from under the protection of the British flag. On the high seas, which are common to all nations, and not subject to the jurisdiction of any one, the ship and the persons on board of her are under the protection of the nations, and not subject to the jurisdiction of any one, a ship and the persons on board of her are under the protection of the nation to which she belongs, and the national flag is the emblem of this protecting power. But there is no principle of international law which carries the authority, represented by its flag, within the territorial limits of another. Foreign ships and their crews in the ports of South Carolina are, therefore, not under the protection of their own national flag, but subject to the authority, and under the protection of our laws.

To so much of the communications of Her Majesty's consul as relate to the British West India colonies in particular, it is a sufficient answer that they are not embraced in the treaty with which our law is supposed to conflict; for the treaty provides only for a reciprocal treaty of commerce "between the territories of the United States of America and all the territories of Her Britannic Majesty in Europe."

The complaint that British subjects of the class to which the law in question relates, are put upon a different footing from persons of the same class, natives and subjects of this State, is entirely without foundation, and could only have arisen from inattention to the provisions of the law. In truth, all free coloured persons of the negro race, whether foreigners or natives, or whether they come in foreign or domestic vessels, are subject to precisely the same rules; so that a free person of colour, born and brought up in this State, and only lately resident here, coming in a vessel owned by citizens of the State, would receive the same treatment as if he were a native subject of Great Britain, and came in a British vessel.

If the prevention of free persons of colour from entering into this State operates in any degree as an impediment to the commerce of British vessels with our ports, it can only be by very slightly diminishing the number of competitors for employment in the service of such vessels, and thereby proportionally enhancing the cost of the service. But as the same prohibition extends to all other vessels, its effect must be the same upon our whole import and export trade. A thorough analysis would therefore probably show that the whole or nearly the whole of the burden, whatever it may be, is borne by ourselves. But at all events it cannot be questioned that we bear at least an equal share of it.

The law which we are invited to surrender, was originally introduced soon after the detection and suppression of an insurrectionary movement devised and set on foot by a free negro, who had been for some time in the habit of leaving the State, and returning to it at pleasure, and whose frequent excursions were proved to be connected with his bloody designs. The law has existed for nearly thirty years, and during that time no similar conspiracy has occurred. How far it has contributed to this result we cannot pretend to estimate; but we know that the experience of our predecessors led them to adopt it, and there is certainly nothing in our experience to induce us to abandon it.

It was originally enacted, and has been continued solely and exclusively with a view to our own internal good order and security, and without the remotest intention to trespass upon the rights or obstruct the commerce of any other people. If it has served in any degree to preserve the peace and welfare of the State, it is certainly of great importance to us, and ought not to be abandoned on account of any slight inconvenience it may occasion others. Indeed, there is too much reason to believe that the murmurs and complaints against it which come to us from abroad are prompted much less by inconveniences actually felt, than by a spirit of unfriendliness to our social order and institutions. The committee are very far from intending to impute any such spirit to Her Majesty's government or the gentleman who represents them here. They are undoubtedly actuated by no other motive than an honourable zeal to watch over and protect the rights of British subjects wherever they are supposed to be infringed. But it may be safely assumed that such overtures as the one now under consideration are not made by the Executive Government, unless at the instance of other persons brought to bear upon them through the usual channels. And when one member of the popular branch of the British Legislature is seen actively engaged in the work of exciting the people of some of the States with which we are politically connected, against our property and social order, it cannot be deemed extravagant or offensive to surmise that there may be individuals in that body quite capable of endeavouring to make the government of their own country subservient to the same hostile designs. Nor is it at all improbable that such movements should be instigated and encouraged by our enemies on this side of the Atlantic.

It is not now for the first time that the opinion of Mr. Wirt, while Attorney General of the United States, cited by Her Majesty's Consul has been brought to the view of the Legislature. In 1824, it was, with the correspondence which led to it, communicated by Mr. John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, to the Governor of this State, who laid it before the Legislature, and they, then, after mature consideration, expressly dissented from and repudiated it. That opinion proceeds entirely upon the assumption that, by delegating to the Federal Government the power to regulate commerce and to make treaties, the several States divested themselves of the right to exclude from their respective territories such persons as might be deemed dangerous to the security and welfare of their people. It appears to the Committee that such an interpretation of the Federal Compact is not demanded by its purposes, nor justified by its terms, and is utterly inconsistent with the safety and even the distinct sovereigaty of the State.

This view of the Constitution is strongly supported by the opinion of the Chief Justice of the United States, judicially delivered in a cause which received the fullest consideration, and expressed in the following unequivocal language: "I think it very clear, both upon principle and the authority of adjudged cases, that the several States have a right to remove from among their people, and to prevent from entering the State, any person or class or description of persons, whom it may deem dangerous or injurious to the interests and welfare of its citizens; and that the State has the exclusive right to determine, in its sound discretion, whether the danger does or does not exist, free from the control of the General Government." "No treaty or act of Congress has been produced, which gives, or attempts to give, to all aliens the right to land in the State." "I cannot believe that it was ever intended to vest in Congress by the general words in relation to the regulation of commerce this overwhelming power over the States; for if the treaty stipulation before referred to can receive the construction given to it in the argument, and has that commanding power claimed for it over the States, then the emancipated slaves of the West Indies have, at this hour, the absolute right to reside in, hire houses, and traffic and trade throughout the Southern States, in spite of any State law to the contrary, inevitably producing the most serious discontent, and ultimately leading to the most painful consequences. It will hardly be said that such a power was granted to the General Government in the confidence that it would not be abused. The statesmen of that day were too wise and too well read in the lessons of history, and of their own times, to confer unnecessary authority under any such delusion. And I cannot imagine any power more unnecessary to the General Government, and at the same time more dangerous and full of peril to the States."

The Committee submit for the consideration of the Senate the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Legislature, the law of this State to prevent free negroes, and other free persons of colour from entering into the same, does not conflict with the treaty of commerce between Great Britain and the United States, nor with the Constution of the United States, nor any law made in pursuance thereof.

Resolved, That it is inexpedient to repeal or alter the said law.

Resolved, *That his Excellency the Governor be requested, in communicating the foregoing resolutions to Her Britannic Majesty's Government, through Her Consul, to assure them that the law to which exception has been taken, was passed and is maintained in no spirit of unfriendliness to the British nation, nor from any desire to embarrass their commerce, or to offend their just pride, but because it is deemed important to the internal peace and security of the State; and also to assure them, in response to the intimation, that our adherence to the obnoxious regulation may lead to heavier impositions upon the importation of our products into the British dominions, that the people of this State are firmly attached to the principles of free trade, and fully appreciate the pre-eminent importance of an unrestricted commerce with the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty.* But highly as they value this most important branch of their trade, they value still more highly the exercise of their own untrammelled judgment in the selection of the necessary and proper means for securing their own safety and welfare not inconsistent with a due regard to the rights of others. It they are compelled to choose between a commercial interest and an essential attribute of independent sovereignty, they will unhesitatingly prefer the latter; and they believe that their choice will command the approbation and sympathy of the Government and people of Great Britain. A. MAZYCK, Ch'n.

JUDGE BOWEN'S CHARGE.

[Copied from the New England *Palladium* of July 13, 1804, and then credited to the Providence *Gazette*.]

MR. PAINTER: As much agitation has been excited, from Georgia to Maine, by the very "reprehensible nature of some sentiments contained in a charge delivered by Judge Bowen to the Grand Jury of Chatham County," and as many severe comments have been made, it may be proper, it may be perhaps in some measure indispensably necessary, to submit this charge to the consideration of an unprejudiced and impartial public.

Gentlemen of the Grand Jury:

The period has at length arrived when the citizens of Georgia shall hear from the bench sentiments which ought long since to have been promulgated in the legislature. Why is it that the silence of the grave has hitherto pervaded every description of men on a subject so highly important as that on which I am about to address you? Why is it that on our legislature floor, amongst those who are annually elected to guard our safety and secure our repose, the most important avenue by which danger may assail us has neither been anticipated nor guarded? Is it that cold-blooded fear has paralized the minds and nerves of our legislators? Is it that the apprehension of drawing down the vengence of the wealthy and the powerful has silenced the cries of oppression, and the voice of truth? Or is it that, alike interested in one and the same species of criminality, each individual is willing that his own malconduct should operate as an apology for that of his neighbours? and thus, with a view of conferring benefits, expose to ruin all he most loves on earth?

Avarice! how dreadful may be thy consequence. Unnatural love! that exposes its objects to the justly irritated passions of an oppressed and abused people.

Long have your eyes been closed to the dangers that surround you; enough have you been misled and deceived: in vain will the laws of our country enact injustice, and authorize oppression: the loud tongue of truth, and the sacred, impresscriptable rights of man, will be asserted. Hear, then, my fellow-citizens! Listen to what experience and wisdom suggest, as the only means of rescuing you from the abyss that yawns beneath your feet, and now, even now, opens its destructive jaws to ensnare and devour you. Derived from the same Almighty source are life and liberty. They can not be disjoined. Life without liberty would be considered a curse instead of a blessing—the wretched donation would be repelled, and the Almighty Donor accused of injustice. Are not, then, all men clothed with the same privileges from our Creator? Are you authorized to assert, that to one colour is given the two-fold blessing of life and liberty, and to another colour life alone, devoid of liberty? Impious wretches! cease your calumnies on the God whose decrees are just and immutable, and who can confound, your misinterpretation of his ordinances. How, then, does Slavery exist? Not from the fiat of Heaven, but from the municipal institutions of base, degenerate men. "No human laws are of any validity, if contrary to the law of nature, which is coeval with mankind and dictated by God himself." "Neither are positive laws, even in matters seemingly indifferent, any farther binding than they are agreeable to the law of God and nature." Of what authority then are the laws of this or any other country which sanction Slavery? Slavery, which is contrary to the law of nature, which law is dictated by God himself—Slavery, which is opposed to the principles of justice and humanity—Slavery, which, in the language of Lord Coke, can only be authorized by laws contrary to reason, which laws must consequently be void.

It is not on principles only that I will assail this detestable system; for principles of justice and humanity, when opposed to the dictates of avarice, and the desire of lordly power, have ever had but little avail. Else why, in a country which boasts of republican magnanimity, and vaunts loudly of the rights of man, whence is it that this disgrace, this curse on our land still exists? I will, then, assail you in the only vulnerable part—listen to me—let your fears be aroused, and let them (for they only can operate the miracle)—let them compel you to do an act of justice, an act which can alone secure your lives, your liberties, and your properties. Cast your eyes back to ancient history; do you not there find, that amongst the most deadly and terrific wars the republic of Sparta was obliged to maintain, was that against their own slaves? Turn your eyes to the more recent occurrences in the West Indies. Has not France entirely disgraced herself, by attempting to subvert privileges guarranted by nature, and while she herself, after having destroyed had restored—and is not the number of Frenchmen immolated by the brave sons of nature, in their own defence, enough to appal the stoutest heart? And who is there that does not justify them? From my very soul I have wished them success from the commencement of their career, and I glory that so numerous and so oppressed a portion of my fellow creatures, have bravely asserted their rights which God and nature gave them, and have rescued themselves, and I trust, their descendants, from the galling yoke of servitude. Are we not in this country precisely situated as they were? have we not a horde of miserable, oppressed slaves amongst us, who outnumber us by thousands? Are they ignorant of their rights? Are they ignorant of what has taken place in that country? Surely they are not. What, then, have we eventually to expect—what but blood, massacre, and devastation? There is yet a method by which these horrors may be averted. I entreat you to adopt it while it is yet in your power. Believe that you hear the voice of inspiration when I solemnly assure you, that an immediate and an implicit obedience to the dictates of justice alone will be an obedience to the dictates of sound policy, and can alone avert those miseries to which we are exposed.

Let our legislature enact, that every female slave born after one year from the date of the law, shall be free at 18 years of age, and the male at 21—and let the master be obliged to bring them up in the practice of religion and moral duties, and teach them the common rudiments of education. What would be the consequence? At the expiration of 19 years perhaps one thousand females would have a right to demand their liberty, and three years afterwards one thousand males. They would say to their masters, my relatives are with you; give me some trifling compensation and I will labour for you. This reasonable boon would be granted, and in the course of a few years, instead of a gang of menial, wretched, unhappy slaves, each planter would find in each slave a child and a friend. In addition to this let our legislature say, that a master shall lay up for each slave a certain quantity of meat and of fish, in addition to their usual inadequate allowance of rice or corn; that no master shall be allowed to give his slave more than 20 lashes, without the attendance of a magistrate to authorize a farther punishment; and that each and every master who does not comply with these regulations, shall be compelled to part with such slave or slaves, to any person with whom he, she, or they shall choose to live, on his receiving the price originally paid for the slave or slaves. A law of this nature would ensure to us and our posterity the enjoyment of what we have long unjustly deprived this unhappy race of people viz: Liberty and property, and oftentimes life itself. Let, then, those things, gentlemen, occupy your attention; your minds cannot be more advantageously devoted, be assured. I possess as great a stake in this country as the most wealthy: for my little all is here, and no man's heart beats higher with love of country than mine.

But although I love my country much, very much, yet I love, I adore the principles of liberty, of justice, and humanity; and I will no longer acknowledge that my country where these sound principles are thus prostrated by such accursed avarice, such infamous conduct; but I will seek in other climes for that tranquility and repose which are here every moment liable to be interrupted, the moment I am convinced there is not virtue and understanding enough in Georgia, to listen to and pursue the path I have pointed out to you.

I have delivered these sentiments after the most mature and deliberate reflection, and I most solemnly swear, before that God who created and who knows my heart, that if, stretched on the bed of death, I should be called upon to advise on the proper method to secure the safety and tranquility of this country, I should dictate what I have now expressed to you. You well know, or you ought ere this to have known, that I am far above the impulse of fear or of hope, in regard to anything the people of this country can do for or against me. Within myself and the bosom of my family, and to the approbation of my God alone, do I look for happiness. I despise from my soul the threats of the haughty and vindictive, and the applause of the giddy, unreflecting multitude, and have dared to avow sentiments which, while life mantles in my veins, I will support, because I am convinced the pursuance of them will be simply an act of partial justice, and can only secure my country from all the horrors of civil warfare. Careless of the approbation or disapprobation of the public, when I lay my head upon my pillow, it will be with the reflection that I have discharged my duty to my God, my country and the poor miserable wretches who claim your compassion—and I hope, gentlemen you will so conduct yourselves in this particular, as to merit the same heart-consoling reflection.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

THE INDIAN'S REPROOF OF SLAVEHOLDING CHURCHES.

CLEVELAND, Wednesday, Nov, 19, 1851.

MR. EDITOR: A few days since Rev. Alvan Coe—the gray-headed and venerable minister who lately separated from the Trumbull Presbytery (S. C.) on account of its connection with slaveholders—called at my house, and showed me the following letter. I thought it might be interesting to your readers. As explanatory of the letter, I would state, on the authority of Mr. Coe, that a number of years since a tribe of the Wyandotte Indians, residing at Sandusky, and with whom Mr. Coe had laboured as far back as 1809, emigrated to Missouri, for the purpose of making a settlement. While there, they formed themselves into a Methodist Church. At length, through the influence of the example of the "pale faced" Christians, some of them were tempted to purchase and hold slaves for their convenience. Many of the number had "*light*" enough to see that the practice was glaringly inconsistent with the principles and spirit of the Gospel of Christ, and after remonstrating with their brethren on the subject, and finding their labours fruitless, one-half of them *seceded* from the other half, believing it to be sinful to fellowship such an outrageous practice. Those who seceded are yet living in Missouri, but are much persecuted for their principles' sake, and they almost determined to remove to Canada, in order that they may be unmolested. The brother of the writer of this letter is an "exhorter" among them. The writer himself is one of their chiefs, and is now staying with some of his connections and friends in Canada. I think that when the very converted heathen are beginning to rebuke Christians for their unhallowed alliances with slaveholders, they ought to regard it as coming from God. If they have found the *light* in Missouri, and have dared to act in accordance with it, though with much peril and cost, certainly Christians in Ohio can't plead want of light as an excuse for their dereliction. Is it true that the Lord "has hid these things from the *wise* and *prudent*, and has revealed them unto babes?"

Yours, &c. E. H. NEVIN.

HURON RESERVE, C. W., Aug. 27, 1851.

MY REV. FRIEND: Being personally acquainted with you from a boy, when a scholar of yours at Lower Sandusky, in the year 1809, in a Missionary school that was then among my people called "Wyandottes," and being aware that you have ever since fel

merit; one of Baron De Kalb; one of Cortes; and one of Judge Hanson, of Maryland, presented to the Library by his family. Between eleven and twelve hundred bronze medals of the Vattemare exchange, some of them more than ten centuries old, and exceedingly perfect, are among the valuables destroyed. Of the statuary burnt and rendered worthless, we recollect a statute of Jefferson; an Apollo in bronze by Mills; a very superior bronze likeness of Washington; a bust of Gen. Taylor by an Italian artist; and a bust of LaFayette by David.

We have only heard of three books saved from the principal Library, namely, the Librarian's Register, an account book, and an odd volume of Lord Kingsbury's magnificent work on the Antiquities of Mexico.

The Republic of yesterday says: The library, situated in the center of the west front, was constructed with great taste and beauty. The room, 92 feet in length, 34 in width, and 36 in height, having alcoves over which were two galleries extending throughout the apartment. The room was handsomely ornamented, and the light was admitted both from ample windows and from three skylights above. Paintings, marble busts, and cabinets were a part of the attractions, in addition to the elegant folios of coloured prints, and a choice collection of books, gathered from all civilized countries, and from international exchanges. One of the cabinets had recently been placed in the library. The framework was of mahogany, and in the maple panels, covered with glass, were inserted choice bronze medals, commemorative of events in ancient times, and which were deposited through the agency of M. Vattemare.

Mr. Jefferson's library, embracing about 7,000 volumes, was purchased in 1815 for $23,000; and this, we believe, formed the nucleus of the 55,000 volumes which have since accumulated. Congress has, for a series of years, annually appropriated $5,000 or $6,000 lor the purchase of books and papers; and it is estimated that these have cost the Government, in addition to the Jefferson purchase, about $200,000.

There can scarcely be a doubt that an investigation will be made as to the origin of the fire, about which there are conflicting opinions.

Telegraphic dispatches, we learn, were sent to fire companies in Baltimore to hold themselves in readiness to come hither in a special train of cars, should their services be required; but subsequently their aid was deemed to be unnecessary.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

††† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1, 1852.

POLICY OF M. KOSSUTH.

It is lucky for the world that the great American nation is not chary of exposing itself. The absurdities and the vices of its character lie so directly upon the surface that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein. Like the Swiss *crétins*, who are proud of their *goitres*, and display them to every new-comer as a special ornament, the American nation is swift to lay bare its most disgusting excrescence to the admiration of all that pass their way. Indeed, they improve upon the poor peasants of the Alps, for they demand an acquiescence, either expressed or tacit, in their own views of their personal charms. In Switzerland, a traveller is allowed to have his own opinion on the subject, and to express it, if he please; but here he has no such alternative. If there were a Swiss Canton in which Cretinism was a recognised institution which controlled and directed all its domestic and public policy, and where no traveller, at least none coming in anything looking like a public capacity, could hope for hospitality, help or encouragement who did not profess to admire the hideous appendage, or at least to pretend not to see it, there would be (which there is not, now) something like an analogous commonwealth to ours, in this breathing world. Though, then, it would be but a faint and shadowy resemblance, in no degree touching the deep-seated wickedness of our national character. It might illustrate the absurdity of our national vanity and self-conceit. It would be no type at all of our meanness and cruelty. We say that it is a fortunate circumstance that we are so explicit of ourselves, for there is the less danger that Europe will be misled by our lying pretences to Republicanism and of love of liberty.

Father Mathew had to undergo this ordeal, and we all know how he stood it. Even poor Jenny Lind was not allowed to tickle the ears of the magnates at Washington until Barnum had certified to her soundness as to the Peculiar Institution. M. Kossuth is the most signal, as he is the latest, example of the application of this national test. He has stood it well. He has entitled himself to the applauses of the Senate, the Bar, the Pulpit and the Press of America, by his judicious conduct in this matter. He approached the sacred city of Rynders, where no place can be found on which to assert the equal personal rights of all men, and is received with salutes, with processions, with Addresses, with Banquets. It is one continual Festival, and he complies with the conditions of the founders of the feast, and shuts his eyes to the skeleton that sits at the board alongside of him. In all the marvellous wealth of words that he has poured forth since he first opened his lips at Staten Island, he has maintained a masterly silence on the only topic that really occupies men's thoughts in this country. He has made himself an incarnate Fourth of July Oration—a Thanksgiving Sermon made Flesh. Nothing drops from his lips but pearls and diamonds and roses and violets. We would back him against any Western candidate for Congress that ever mounted a stump for the magnifying and glorifying of this country. He refuses to look at the countenance of the nation as displayed in the unmistakeable features of Constitutions, laws and customs, but takes his descriptions of us from the portraits we have painted of ourselves, in which every deformity is heightened into a beauty.

Is it any wonder, then, that M. Kossuth is the pet of the American people? He is *itself* standing before it in a Hungarian pelisse, and chanting its own praises in most bewitching broken English. All nations worship themselves in their gods, and admire themselves in their favourites. This country has not been left at any time without witness to its own superiority over all the nations of the earth. What tyrant ever wanted flatterers? But of all the flatterers that have ever soothed the itching ears of this greedy nation, surely M. Kossuth bears away the palm. He fully answers Lord Bacon's definition of "a cunning flatterer." "He followeth the archflatterer, which is a man's self!" He knows what topics to choose and what to avoid. Though his speeches, if they meant anything, would be as good Anti-Slavery documents as we could desire, yet everybody that hears him knows that they *do* mean nothing. He has expressly stated that they do not. That is, that they have no meaning that can disturb the self-complacency of the tyrants of our land and their servile tools. They are now understood perfectly well to be as void of meaning as a Fourth of July Oration by Daniel Webster, or a prayer for the Oppressed by Dr. Spring or Dr. Dewey. He was too well-informed, too well-advised, too observant, not to know that there was one thing that he must not mention, or allude to dispraisingly, and that was the fact that a nation is held by the American people in a bondage compared with which Hungarian oppression is perfect freedom. The fugitives from that bondage were within the sound of his voice, and he knew it. The men who were ready to seize those wretches and plunge them again into that abyss, who had already done it, were his honoured hosts, whose virtues and love of liberty he lacked eloquence to extol as they deserved! And he knew this, too; or might know it.

Several very excellent persons have wondered that the Abolitionists should take the view they do of the conduct of M. Kossuth. That they should not be willing that he should get what he can out of the American people, without interposing their protest. The explanation of the phenomenon is this: The true Abolitionists look at every man and every act, with the eyes of the slaves. They examine the course of M. Kossuth, as far as such a thing is practicable, as an intelligent slave would do. And if such a slave should find that M. Kossuth distinctly disclaims all intention of saying a word in his behalf, or of lifting his little finger to lighten his burdens; but that, on the contrary, his mouth overflows with the most fulsome adulation of those who have conspired to keep him in his degradation, what would be the opinion of that slave of "the great Magyar?" What his opinion would be, the opinion of every true Abolitionist is. Suppose an insurrection had been in successful operation in the Southern States, which was only put down by the Intervention of the United States Army, and suppose, farther, that the baffled chief of the revolt visited St. Petersburg or Vienna, to obtain Russian or Austrian sympathy and assistance, and he should remember to forget that there were such things as serfdom, or Hungary or Poland, what would M. Kossuth think of him? Just what he would think of such a man, who would, for his specific end, befalse the general principles he had laid down as the groundwork of his application, forget what he should most remember, and pander to the passions and vices of despotism, for the sake of what he could get out of them. Just that opinion a knowing Slave, and the Abolitionist who sees with his eyes, hold of *him*.

Nor is it true, that we have ever asked or expected that he should forsake his mission and become an Anti-Slavery lecturer. We have only asked what consistency and honour demanded of him, viz: that he should apply those general principles in which he worked American sympathy and intervention, to the state of things in this country, and speak an honest word against the oppression which we cherish, and which renders us unworthy to be the helpers of any true struggle for liberty. It would not have taken much to satisfy us. But M. Kossuth knew that even the faintest breath of disapprobation of the tyranny existing here would have been fatal to all his hopes. He was obliged to strike hands with slave-drivers and slave-catchers and acknowledge them as the true lovers of liberty and of human rights, or else to forego the possibility of success. He yielded to the seduction of expediency. He gave his hand to the Slave Power and shut his heart to the cry of the Slave. And what has he got by it? He has been bored almost to death by the speeches made to him, and almost talked himself to death in return, and some fifty thousand dollars have been subscribed for him, or paid by the curious for seeing him, at so much a head! The *Journal of Commerce*, commenting on our article a fortnight ago, thinks we shall find ourselves mistaken as to the amount contributed for M. Kossuth. It does not look, as yet, as if we should. What is *fifty thousand dollars*, what a hundred thousand, or a million, to the needs of such an undertaking as his? A hundred millions might be of some use as a beginning; but would be only a beginning of the sum a new Revolution would absorb. To obtain this M. Kossuth is content to pledge himself "not to mix himself up with our politics!" With what face, then, does he come and ask us to mix ourselves up with Austrian politics?

We make no pretensions to Statesmanship; we belong to the school which holds Honesty to be the best Policy, in public as well as private life. We believe that the Right is the only Expedient. We think, therefore, that M. Kossuth has made a blunder, as well as committed a crime, in the course he has seen fit to pursue. And we think it will be seen and acknowledged in Europe that it is so. Had he returned crowned with success with the United States committed to all he wanted, with a hundred millions in his pocket, and a hundred thousand men at his back, the glitter of his prosperity might have blinded men's eyes to the dirty price he had paid for it all. But to have humbled himself and to get nothing for it! That is a lesson which all the world can read. We believe that had he spoken a word at the threshold of the country which would have brought Captain Rynders to its rescue, and sent him packing home again, unbored, unfeasted, unacclaimed, his chance for the true sympathy and help of liberal Europe would have been tenfold what it is now. This, of course, is on the supposition that had M. Kossuth spoken the sentiments of his heart he would have denounced Slavery and the Slaveholders, as he has done the despotism of Austria and Russia. But if he be, indeed, identified in sentiment and feeling with the nation he has been plying with his assentations, if he do indeed think that a true Republic can hold one sixth of its inhabitants as chattels personal, and if it be *such* a Republic that he wishes to substitute for Austrian oppression, we think the Anti-Slavery Philo-Hungarians may safely leave the disposition of Hungary to the care of Prince Schwartzenberg, until the fulness of time shall bring forth the true Deliverer.—E. Q.

THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY AND KOSSUTH.

Mr. LEWIS TAPPAN sends the following letter to *The* [Boston] *Commonwealth;* and we, as one of the papers which has given currency to the report of the *Courier* and *Enquirer* in relation to the interview with Kossuth, copy it, as requested:

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1851.

To the Editor of the Commonwealth:

Perceiving in your paper a quotation from the *Courier and Enquirer*, respecting the interview between the delegation of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society and Governor Kossuth, in which a gross misrepresentation is made, I write this note that it may be corrected. The falsehood of Webb's paper I should not have thought it worth while to correct, had it stood alone, but as the statement has been copied into your paper, and others also, I trust that those papers which have given currency to the untruth will correct it. The *Letter* to Gov. Kossuth was not intended for a private letter, but was, on the face of it, a letter for the public; and *the Committee, from the beginning, determined to publish it with the Address.* You see, then, the absurdity of the statement in the *Courier and Enquirer* that I "exhibited signs of surprise and vexation" when M. Kossuth asked me to read the letter to him. I understood him, at the time, that he could not read my hand-writing, and I neither felt nor manifested surprise or vexation.

As Gov. Kossuth had previously declared that he would not be brought into a discussion of the merits or demerits of our "domestic institutions," we were obligated not to address him at all on the subject of American Slavery, or to do it in such a manner as propriety required. We thought a publication of his recorded sentiments, introduced into an Address from a portion of the Abolitionists of this country, would do good, now and hereafter, in many respects. We intended no secrecy or evasion, and the documents show clearly enough, one would suppose, that nothing else was in our minds. Your ob'd't, LEWIS TAPPAN.

It is not, we hope, necessary that we should disclaim any intention of being unjust to Mr. Tappan and his Committee, in copying the statement of the *Courier and Enquirer*, representing him as being embarrassed on M. Kossuth requesting that the letter which they presented be read aloud. That Mr. Tappan should "exhibit signs of surprise and vexation," seemed to us the most natural thing in the world, inasmuch as he was doing a thing of which he might, very properly, be ashamed; but as he and his associates were not, they are, of course, fairly entitled to this correction.

We were pursuaded, and so stated, on the arrival of Kossuth, that he yielded to the advice of those by whom he was immediately surrounded, in making the voluntary announcement that he should not interfere in any of our "domestic questions;" and that, by this term, he meant it to be understood that he referred to the question of Slavery, we had no doubt, from his avowing, in the same connection, his admiration of the Union and its laws. Doubtless his course was a wise one, if we look at the matter only in the light of temporary expediency; but no man, we presume, who pretends to understand and appreciate the Anti-Slavery Cause will deny that had the Hungarian Emancipationist been so true to the principle of Universal Liberty as to turn a deaf ear to those who would counsel him to soften the rebuke which his presence, and his language, and his Cause, must otherwise have been to the despotism of the United States, that then his mission, whatever might have been its immediate results for Hungary, would have presented a spectacle of moral sublimity such as the world has not seen these many centuries. We—speaking only for the individual editor—would not have asked him to do this, for it was for him alone to judge whether he could sacrifice, as it were, time to eternity—forego a present probable good to the Everlasting Right; and, because we would have him take upon himself the full responsibility of whatever course he might adopt, we could not urge him to that which might seem expedient for him, but which would be an opportunity lost for the cause of freedom here. In other words, we do not hold it to be our duty to put a straw in the way of Hungarian Freedom, that we may gain thereby something for Freedom in the United States; but neither are we to put a straw in the way of Freedom here, by asking anybody to refrain from rebuking Slavery, though thereby we may do something for Freedom in Hungary.

However, Mr. Tappan and his Committee must stand or fall to their own friends; we only wish it understood that they do not represent the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country. Those to whom they are responsible, if they are to anybody, will, we think it probable, find the same objection to the course they saw fit to adopt, that we do. Their next friend is the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and the last No. of the (London) *Reporter*, its organ, states that measures were taken to acquaint M. Kossuth, while he was in England, with the character of American Slavery, and, adds that paper, "we have received information of the intention of the Executive Committee of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to present M. Kossuth with an Address, as soon as may be after his arrival in the United States." Was it anticipated that he was to be asked to say nothing of the enormities of the chattel system, to acquaint him with which so much pains were taken?

THE PROGRESS OF KOSSUTH.

THE distinguished Hungarian refugee has left this city, and has been received with great enthusiasm at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. At Philadelphia one of the most prominent men at the public reception was Judge Kane, who has just risen from the trial of the Treason case, in which he has stretched the authority and influence of his office to the utmost to have men hanged for holding precisely that relation to fugitives from tyranny, in this country, which he here endeavours to establish between himself and the rebel to Austrian despotism. The wine in which Kossuth drank Judge Kane's toast to Liberty must have been bitter in the mouth. It was Haynau congratulating Wilberforce, or Clarkson, that the women of the West Indies were no longer subjected to the cart-whip.

In his speech at Philadelphia, M. Kossuth received the following letter in connection with some forged checks which had been sent him.

DECEMBER 22, 1851.

HON. LOUIS KOSSUTH—*Respected Sir:* It is my unpleasant duty to apprise you, that the intervention or non-intervention sentiments that you have promulgated in your speeches in the City of New York are unsuitable to the region of Pennsylvania, situated as she is on the borders of several slaveholding States; and, after a conference with my distinguished uncle, Hon. John Sergeant, Hon. Horace Binney, and other distinguished counsellors who concur with me in the sentiment, I feel, most reluctantly I assure you, that such sentiments are incendiary in their character and effect; and as the conservator of the public morals and peace of the country, having sworn to comply with the Constitution of the United States and the State of Pennsylvania, on taking upon myself the office of Attorney General of the County of Philadelphia, I shall be obliged to bring any such sentiments to the notice of the Grand Inquest of the County, for their action and consideration.

Respectfully,
W. B. REED, Atty. Gen.

This foolish document he was assured, so he stated, by the Attorney General was a forgery. He (Kossuth) further remarked upon it:

Now such a letter, and yet a forgery, indeed, is a despicable trick; but though it is a forgery, still there is one thing which forces me to some humble remarks precisely because I know not whence comes the blow. I am referring to these words: "Your intervention or non-interventian sentiments are unsuited to the region of Pennsylvania, situated as she is on the borders of several slaveholding States." I avail myself of this opportunity to declare once more, that I never did, nor will do anything which in the remotest way could interfere with the matter alluded to, nor with whatever other domestic question of your United Republic, or of a single State of it. I have declared it frankly and openly several times, and on all and every opportunity. I have proved to be as good as my word; I dare say that even the pledge of the word of honour of an honest man, should not be considered a sufficient security in that respect.

One would think, from these words, that he is really apprehensive that the laws of our country in relation to fugitives may be applied to him; or that he may be proceeded against as disseminating incendiary doctrines. We can hardly conceive any other motive for publishing such a letter, than a hope of warding off some apprehended danger of this sort. If he knows the character of the treason trial which had just terminated in Philadelphia, it would not be strange that he should fear the interpretation which may be put upon his words. They have imprisoned men more than once in Maryland for endeavouring to do, on a small scale, what he declares in his Baltimore speech he finally did in Hungary. What more dangerous doctrine than this could be preached in a Slave State?

I have succeeded in my efforts to make the Agriculture in Hungary free, and to transform the peasants into entirely free proprietors of the soil which they cultivate. Now the Government of Austria is again introducing feudal rights, under different pretexts, in several parts of Hungary, and when we freed the peasants and people of Hungary we did not touch any material right of whatever class; but we declared that the nation would give indemnification to landlords who lost, by the reform laws, any of the rights—any of the oppressive rights—which they held upon the Peasantry. Now Austria, by heavy taxation, takes from the people its very life's sweat, and out of this the people's treasure itself. It is giving the indemnification which we promised, not out of the people's pocket, because we all know that freedom is a right for which the people have nothing to pay. The nation has other treasures out of which to make such indemnification. Now Austria takes it out of the pockets of the people, and the landlords will not collect the indemnification, except only a few of them who are most faithful to the oppression of the Austrian Despot [applause]. Therefore, you see, the Protestant and Catholics, every religious party, and the peasantry and landlords, are equally interested not to endure the present condition of Austrian oppression.

We have in Hungary large property of the State itself which we declared by law we would divide among the peasantry, because we considered no Government to be a good agriculturist, mechanic or tradesman. That is no business of the Government. It must be left to private individuals, to private industry; therefore we declared that we would divide the property among those who had no landed property, who should pay a moderate price for it, bye-and-bye, through facilities afforded them by a banking system, and that out of that price we would pay the landlords for their lost rights. Now, of course this landed property cannot be given by the Austrian Government to those who have nothing, because Austria wants every foot of land to support its existence by means of loans.

STEPHEN S. FOSTER.—We are happy to announce that Mr. Foster is so far recovered as to feel able to resume his labours as a lecturer, and that he and Mrs. Foster are now on their way to central New York. We hope to be able to state, in our next No., more definitely what there plans are for the ensuing campaign.

WE are requested to publish the following document, purporting to be a translation from a recent number of the *Imperial Gazette*, of St. Petersburg. We can not, however, vouch for its authenticity, as that paper is not among our exchanges:

Speech of His Imperial Highness, the Czar, to his Council in extraordinary session, this morning (Dec. 8), at 7 o'clock.

FAITHFUL COUNSELLORS: I have called you to this extraordinary session by reason of a telegraphic despatch, conveying intelligence of the movements of the rebel Louis Kossuth and his abettors in Great Britain.

It appears from the transmitted report of our faithful and ever-vigilant agent who attends the steps of the said rebel that, on landing at Southampton, a vast concourse of people came forth to welcome him, and that they were abetted and even encouraged and headed by the magistrates and civil dignitaries of the place. That a people naturally disposed to rebellion and habituated to the dethroning of their legitimate sovereigns should exult in the escape of a fugitive from the justice of his outraged master, is not a matter of wonder; but that the civil magistrates, whose duty is to support the powers divinely constituted for the peace of kingdoms, should have joined in such a demonstration, manifests a sadly degraded state of morals indeed. It is to be hoped, however, that the illustrious Queen, our august ally, will take timely notice of these proceedings, so dangerous to all the thrones of Europe.

But the matter which most nearly concerns us is herein, that a certain Robert J. Walker, a man of distinguished ability as a statesman and counsellor of the American government, being present at the said entertainment, announced that it was the determination of the cabinets of Washington and London to use their utmost efforts to counteract the influence of our imperial government on the continent of Europe, and compel us to forego that assistance which our benevolence always incites us to extend to our brother sovereigns when menaced by foreign invasion or domestic insurrection. This fraternal and neighbourly conduct on our part Counseller Walker stigmatizes as a tyrannical and oppressive interference with the freedom of the people of central Europe.

Our policy towards our neighbours we need not to defend to our faithful counsellors, who are fully impressed, as we ourselves are, with the necessity of our benevolent interference to prevent the foolish subjects of our brother monarchs from rushing into the miseries of popular liberty. Counsellor Walker's terms of reprobation can be attributed, under even the most charitable construction, to nothing so probably as to that perverse disposition of human nature which induces men to persist in upholding a manifest evil rather than to profit by the example of a neighbour who has had the good sense to rid himself of it. As a man of intelligence, he must know that in our fatherly empire, under what he is pleased to stigmatize as a grinding despotism, a profound tranquillity reigns—each one pursuing his occupation undisturbed, conscious that our imperial care is exerted in his behalf, and that the task of government is laid on one who has been nurtured in the exercise of supreme power, and understands the interests of the people far better than they themselves. What, meantime, is the situation of his own country, the boasted land of liberty? Have they not mobs which set all law at defiance, destroying property and life, while the imbecile thing they call "government" stands helplessly by, unable to repress the outbreak or shield its most peaceful subjects from illegal violence? Are not these mobs, too, directed against that freedom of speech which the counsellor vaunts as the great glory of a republican government? Is not the boasted "Union" tottering to its fall because a negro, in defence of his liberty, shot and killed a priest of one of the countless heretical sects into which the Americans are divided?

Faithful Counsellors, so long as the Americans were weak and little able to protect themselves, their statesmen proclaimed, as an incontestable rule of right, that no nation could justly interfere in the civil concerns of any other. This they styled the non-interference principle, and upon this they acted until they found themselves strong enough to abet the rebellion of the Spanish colonies. Here, however, they excused their inconsistency by saying that, these colonies being in America, they had a natural right to interfere, but that no European power should interfere under penalty of the high displeasure of the cabinet of Washington, and that they, the Americans, would feel themselves in honour bound to abstain from all interference in European politics. But behold! Faithful Counsellors! how they keep their word! No sooner has the acquisition of California given them wealth to support the arrogance generated by the conquest of feeble Mexico, than they undertake to dictate to us, the Autocrat of all the Russias! and say "thus far and no further."

Faithful Counsellors, it is known to you all that we on our part have religiously abstained from all interference in transatlantic affairs, though we might claim the right so to do by virtue of our extensive and valuable possessions in North America; but now that the Americans have violated their agreement, it becomes you to consult as to the best mode of retaliating the injury.

It is known to you that there are among the Americans about three millions of people held in abject Slavery. It will, therefore, be a subject of inquiry whether there may not be found, among this oppressed race, some dark Kossuth, who, by our aid, may be enabled to raise his brethren to constitutional freedom.

You will also consider of the propriety of requiring the American government to cease from aiding in the re-enslavement of those serfs who are flying in such numbers from their Southern despots to the free land of Canada, unless it is willing to restore European fugitives to the happiness of rational subjection under the paternal rule of Austria.

You will further consider the propriety of requiring the Cabinet of Washington to make fitting appropriations out of the public loans paid to educate and Christianize the said serfs, who are almost universally in a state of ignorance and heathenism; and we assure you that we will cheerfully furnish the missionaries for this holy work.

Should you think proper to embody these ideas of ours into an ukase for our imperial signature, we shall not only be retaliating an injury, but be, at the same time, conferring an incalculable benefit on three millions of our suffering fellow-men who are now lying in bondage of the worst species—the bondage of the mind and soul.

Faithful Counsellors, we have spoken!

LECTURES IN NEW YORK.— We call attention to the interesting letters, in this week's *Standard*, upon the progress and success of the lecturing agents who are now "troubling Israel" in this State.

——MR. HILLARD'S ORATION.—The New York *Tribune* brings us the Oration pronounced by Hon. George S. Hillard before the New England Society of New York on the Anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. It is full of the sprightliness and prettiness of a gentleman who ceased to be young a good while ago. The patriotic soul of Mr. Hillard deeply reverences the past but is much pained with the present "fanaticism" of New England. Whereabout his gloomy apprehensions converge to a focus we may see from the following extract:

"If there be a descendant of the Pilgrims that gives his hand in aid of popular violence, directed against law, whether it be to destroy an Abolition press, to rescue a fugitive slave from the hands of justice, or commit an assault upon the person and property of a citizen under a foreign power, he dishonours the blood that flows in his veins [cheers]."

Here is a beautiful group of crimes against "law" for so refined, logical and highly educated a son of the Pilgrims to make. Will the venerable U. S. Commissioner, who may yet have a job if Hallet and Curtis should get fatigued, tell us what "justice" has to do with laying its hand on a "fugitive slave?" Pray Mr. Hillard, is there really no difference worth mentioning between destroying an Abolition press and rescuing Shadrach? Our columns are open for a reply.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

PRIESSNITZ, the celebrated Founder of Hydropathy, died at Grafenburg on the 26th of November, at the age of 52.

Communications.

[FOR THE A. S. STANDARD.]

Notes and Comments, Observations and Reflections, Scenes and Sketches, Gleanings by the Way-side, &c., &c.

BY AN ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURER.

NO. IV.

CATARAUGUS Co., N. Y., Nov. 8, 1851.

I am rather out of tune to-day, but having nothing else to do, I must write, nevertheless. I know of no other way of passing the day comfortably, and I feel myself much in need of some kind of comforting influence. There is no disguising from myself the fact that I am not a little out of humour; and why should I conceal it from others? Why not own up to our faults? We are commanded, in the Bible, or somewhere else, to confess our faults, one to another, or something very like that. And besides it is the fashion. Why, even our most pious defenders of the God-ordained, Patriarchal institutions of our beloved country, are much in the habit of confessing—to something besides faults. But they are not apt to *specify* in such matters. They confess on *general* principles—in the *abstract*. I wonder what they would say, if they were to particularize? Let me imagine how some devoted, reverential pro-Slavery professor would express himself if he were to enter into the *details* of a customary confession. He begins:

"My beloved friends—I have great reason to bless God for His long forbearance and tender mercies. It is to his forbearance and mercy, alone, that I am indebted, for being on praying ground and interceding terms, to-day. Had I received my just deserts, I should long since have been beyond the reach of mercy, and where hope can never come. In view of my manifold transgressions, I feel that God would be just in cutting me off, and sending my soul to the regions of the damned, forever. He has been all goodness and mercy; I have repaid Him with the basest ingratitude, and the most unblushing hypocricy. While I have professed to love my neighbour as myself, I have not only turned my back upon my robbed and plundered brother, who had fallen among thieves, but I have deliberately sided the thieves and robbers in their nefarious work. While I have professed to reverence the sentiment, that all are born free and equal, I have, year after year, voted the chains of Slavery on the limbs of three millions of my equal brethren. While I have made solemn professions of love for the souls of the perishing heathen of other lands, I have deliberately helped to build up and perpetuate a system which forces millions of my own countrymen into the most degrading heathenism the world ever saw. While I have exhorted my fellow beings around me to embrace the Gospel, and flee from the wrath to come, I have helped to close that Gospel against one-sixth of the people of this country—thus, according to my own creed, making their eternal damnation almost certain. In profession, I have declared against allowing the two sexes to recite in the same class, or even occupy the same building, in our Institutions of learning, so that I might be regarded as the mortal enemy of all kinds of licentiousness, and, of course, the especial friend of moral purity; yet, to secure sectarian interest, political advantage, private ends, &c., I have readily supported and fellowshipped a system which herds men and women promiscuously together, under circumstances which make the most degrading licentiousness absolutely certain. In short, I have been in the constant habit of straining at gnats, and swallowing camels. I have appeared over scrupulous about the outside matters of religion, so that I might succeed in trampling the mighty matters of the law under foot, without exciting suspicion of my integrity. I have been for years, am still, and mean to continue to be like a whited sepulchre, beautiful without, but within *full* of all uncleanliness. But, after all, I trust I have been truly converted, and am on the road to heaven. I have great reason to praise God for His great goodness, in lifting my feet out of the miry clay, and planting them on the rock of safety. Brethren, pray for me, that I may continue faithful unto the end.

"In conclusion, my dearly beloved brethen, I would exhort you to yield a willing obedience to the powers that be, for they are ordained of God—authorizing us to hunt down a black brother or sister in Christ, for the benefit of our Southern brethern, with whom we have covenanted to deliver into their hands the bondsman who shall have escaped unto us, instead of letting him dwell where it liketh him best."

The foregoing would, I think, be a pretty fair expression of the detail of the matter. It might be improved upon a little. Would it not be edifying to the church? What an exalted notion of the true christian character would it convey to the minds of the unconverted. How it would make the Higher law infidels tremble, and slink away from enlighted observation.

But I am wandering. I commenced with my own confession. I said I was out of humour. It is true. How can I help it? I have been conscious of breathing more pro-slavery atmosphere during the last two days than in two weeks before. Am in the heart of a rank pro-Slavery community. In a humanitary sense, the unbroken darkness of night envelopes it. The chill, damp, soul-sickening vapours of the pit, float upon, and mingle with its atmosphore. The people have human *forms, by which* I am led to conclude they are, or, at least, were intended to be, human *beings*. They are very respectful toward Abolitionists, that is, keep a respectful distance from them, especially when the claims of plundered humanity are to be presented. Some of them *love God* excessively, so much so, indeed, that they worship Him in a very *special*—some skeptic would say, no doubt, *extraordinary*—manner, *one* day in *seven*. There are two Abolitionists here, in the sentimental sense, at least. One of them is the Congregational Clergyman. *Why* he stays here, is one question, in my mind; *how* he stays, is another. Considering his circumstances, as far as I know them, the best wish I have for him, at present, is, that he will suddenly get rid of his disposition to remain, or his privilege of remaining, or both—something worse than which, I imagine would happen to him, if he could have the spirit of unflinching Garrisonian Abolitionists breathed into him, for the space of two weeks. This people, who are, without doubt, a portion of the *American* people, are evidently not worthy of him. He is, at heart, a *warm* friend of humanity. Well, this is *Franklinville Village*, poor, spiritless, soulless, cowardly Franklinville. I have held one meager meeting here, as the result of three attempts. To-night, the fourth is to come off. If I can only catch half-a-dozen of them together, I will give them something to tell the others of, to-morrow, and then shake off the dust against them. I have come in contact with many contemptible things, in the course of my life, but I must say I never encountered such dyed-in-the-wool *moral cowardice*, as here; and we all know that a moral coward, if not the most wicked, is the most *contemptible* thing on earth, or under it. But, *Resolved:* That the *village* is not the *town*—though it must be confessed, that, in a general sense, the dissimilarity of the two is not very striking, in this particular. We have a small society in this town; if this atmosphere does not poison it to death, in less than six months, it will survive the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds." This will do for to-day.

Nov. 25. "Time and tide wait for no man." Nearly four weeks have sped away since I performed the disagreeable task of recording my reception at *Franklinville*, and it seems little more than a day. I left the good people of that place on the morning of Nov. 9, fully persuaded in my own mind that they were "*joined to their idols.*" Am now in *Elliotville*, the County seat, and, of course, the pro-Slavery depot of the County. Judging from report and appearance, a petty aristocracy rules here—some honourable exceptions, no doubt. Shall make no effort here, at present. Think it best to open the surrounding floodgates of agitation, and then come down upon it like an avalanche, in the shape of a Convention, which will be likely to shock, perhaps *shake*, its aristocracy, its patriotism, and even its pro-Slavery *piety*. But having a little leisure, I must hastily pay my respects to a few other places, in which I have blowed the trumpet of freedom, lest I should be deemed partial.

Machias, I understand, once boasted of quite a number of voting Abolitionists; but most of these have returned to their wallowing in the mire of pro-Slavery politics. The few that remain would do very well, if they had a little more faith in truth, and moral courage to equal their sense of right, and their desire to do good. Their number is very small. However, the masses in this town are somewhat Anti-Slaveryized There are some pewter-greys, and copper hunkers. I encountered one man, or a creature in the shape of a man, at one of our meetings in this town, by the name of *Jewel*, and a jewel of a man he was. He denied that there was any proof of the existence of God, and then proved, to his satisfaction, that God had established Slavery. He declared Slavery to be *wrong*, but he had (just at that time) great reverence for the Bible, as the word of inspiration, and earnestly appealed to it in behalf of the *right* of Slavery. The Constitution was a *glorious* document. It was *perfectly* right. The Fugitive Slave Law was the most damnable law that had been passed in five hundred years; but it was *Constitutional*, and must be obeyed. The negroes were the descendants of Ham, and ought to be slaves. They were an inferior race, and could not become intelligent. (I was subsequently informed that *Sam Ward* had, on one occasion, given him such a peeling that he was unusually quiet, for some weeks after). Mr. Wright, a Free Soiler, reminded this gentleman that he had, not long before, stumped it, very zealously, in this County, in favour of the Free Soil party. This was something of a parer. Our valiant friend knew not how to manage in such a fix. He complained bitterly of Mr. Wright, for referring to the past. What had that to do with this matter Mr. Wright was out of order. He appealed to the congregation. Was not Mr. Wright out of order? But Mr. Wright's untimely reference to his former course and arguments, used him up. The voice of the meeting was against him. He struggled for awhile with the conqueror, and then made a pathetic appeal in behalf of the *white* man's rights over the negro's, and gave up the ghost. Verily, consistency is a *jewel*, but a jewel is not always *consistency*. This fellow pretends to be a lawyer, but is a miserable unprincipled pettifogger—has been, they say, a justice of the peace, in that town; he may have been a *piece* of a justice, but I doubt it.

From this place, I went into *Yorkshire*. In this town we had a glorious time. Our friends in the centre of the town, who had been apprised of my coming, had everything ready for the onset. I was informed we should have strong opposition. So much the better, I said, there is hope in the case. The hour of meeting came. The House was well filled. I spoke of Slavery, its existence, its character, its wrongs—of the professions of our people, their guilt, their hypocricy—of Webster's apostacy and Fillmore's treason—of the parties, denominations, &c., &c.

Silence reigned, in the congregation, for the space of an hour, perhaps. Then came fidgeting, on the part of some of the saviours of the Union. They sat on nettles. Then came murmurings, then putting of heads together—two heads are better than one, if one is a block-head, especially if both are. Then silence reigned again, then a long-drawn sigh, and then, then a *speech*. I was called upon to tell how we could get rid of Slavery, &c., &c. I said I was just coming to that. I went on, but they did not like that way. Might they ask questions? Yes, to be sure. Will you answer? If they are relevant. On they come, a dozen at a time. One at a time, gentlemen. I can attend to but one thing at a time. Now, if you are ready, let them come, one at a time, and in a definite form. But asking questions proved bad business. The answers did not suit them. They were, though wise men of their kind, behind the times. They were not aware that Anti-Slavery had exploded their moth-eaten pro-Slavery theories, years ago. The Squire of the village was exceedingly valiant. He made a bold push. He had the fanatic pinned to the wall, without doubt; he meant to hold him there. I answered his question by supposition—placing him in the condition of the slave, and the negro at the helm of the government. He saw his difficulty; he had never looked so far; he had only investigated one side of the question. He acknowledged himself answered, by a silence which nothing thereafter could induce him to break. As the sheep is dumb before the shearer, so he opened not his mouth.

But three champions remained, who were not to be thus easily silenced. They were Solomon the first, who was noted for his wisdom and sagacity; Solomon the second, who held an office under Millard, the King; and *Harry*, who, judging from his principles and temper, and also his low curning, I should think, must be as much as second or third cousin to our "Old Harry," of whom I have heard much.

Failing to make capital out of asking questions, they tried to pass it off as a joke. This would not do, it was too serious a matter to be treated as a joke. The younger portion of the audience responded, two or three times, to their cunning speeches, by a faint laugh, but it was soon smothered. A lively feeling of interest manifested itself, in the general appearance of the audience. They had heard startling truths, if they were truths. They were loosing the little confidence they had reposed in these champions of Slavery, who were beginning to reveal the horns and hoofs. What was to be done? A desperate effort had to be made. As a last resort, they tried brow-beating. They were men of consequence and standing; they would have things go to suit them. The speaker must be under their control. They would not put up with such abuse of our distinguished statesmen and divines. But all would not do. Nobody could be frightened. It was now my turn to ask questions. I proceeded. *Harry* answered with great confidence. A second question followed, in the same channel. Harry hesitated, squirmed, coughed, and, at last, stammered a reply; but it came like pulling teeth. The third followed upon the heels of the second. This was going beyond the pictures. Harry was silent; he had never read so far; he had only read as far as "baker" in the Anti-Slavery spelling-book. How could he answer questions away over in the back part? But I was waiting for an answer. Harry cast his eyes imploringly upon his comrades; but they preserved a *respectful* silence. Then came a voice from the audience, "Harry, why don't you answer?" But Harry was silent. Unable to extricate himself from his unpleasant predicament, and despairing of help from his friends, he had settled down into a calm despair. His gaze was fixed, but it was fixed on blank vacancy. Another voice from the audience, "Why don't you answer, Harry?" And then another, and another, until a dozen voices mingled in the provoking chorus. This was *

the truth? My propositions were: 1. There is a God. Admitted. 2. He is supreme. Admitted. 3. His law is paramount to all others. Grudgingly admitted. 4. By His law personal freedom is man's inalienable right. Admitted, at last. 5. Slavery always and everywhere a guilty *wrong*. The Bible was now brought in, and several passages read to prove Slavery *right*. I inquired, how is this? You admitted the proposition establishing the right of *Freedom:* now you bring the Bible to prove *Slavery* right. Do you aim at rejecting the proposition, or at condemning the Bible, as a false book? If the latter, it is out of order; the authenticity of the Bible is not the subject of controversy. If the former, what becomes of man's right to Freedom, admitted in the last proposition? Do you take back that admission? Let us know where you stand. Is Slavery *right?* "We did not say it was right; we proved by the Bible that God *once* authorized it." "Then you proved that God authorized what was not right, by your admission." "It was right *then*, but not now." "Well, *now* is what we are talking about; let *then* go. Do you reject this proposition? That's the question to be settled first. If you say yes, then bring on the Bible, in support of your position, if you choose; and in so doing, you will, by your own admission, prove it a cruel forgery. What do you say?" No answer. "Come, friends, don't be cowards now. Stand to your position like men, or abandon it like men. Don't *crawl* out. Do you reject the proposition?" "No, we don't deny it." "Do you admit it?" No answer. "Do you admit it?" "We do." "Do you admit *all*, up to this point?" "We do." "Very well, what has become of your Bible argument?" I proceeded. Proposition 6. American Slavery the sum of all villanies. I discussed this proposition amid much confusion. Stated the remainder of the propositions. Would attend to them the next evening. They were very *radical*. Solomon the first, declared his intention to withdraw from the contest. I think *he* had some *shame*. The next evening, the two remaining champions *bolted*. They would not discuss propositions; they would say what they pleased, and when they pleased; and sure enough they did. Harry raved like a chained Tiger. Solomon, the King's servant would, send his own wife into Slavery. But order prevailed, at last. "*Fanaticism*" was triumphant. At Yorkshire Corners, no open opposition. At Delevan, in this town, came near being lynched, by a gang of rowdies; meeting was broken up. Tried there again, and was sustained by the community. Formed two Societies in this town. Thanks to our friends, Stringham, Walrath, Cummins, Bains, Wilman, and several others whose names I can't recall, for their courage and zeal in the good cause.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN CAYUGA COUNTY.

GENOA, December 10th, 1851.

MRS. FOSTER and Miss Holley have been bestowing their labours, without stint or measure, on several towns in the southern part of Cayuga County; and if the people who have listened to them are not henceforth very good Abolitionists, they will be very much to blame and will receive a double condemnation. Their sin will be not only against the lights of Nature, but against such an array of facts, of plain convincing argument--against such powerful appeals to the heart--against all their convictions of Anti-Slavery truth, as will leave them without excuse.

This place is called Genoa Hollow, and true enough; it is away deep down at the bottom of the hills that tower up on each side, one of them so high as to remind one of Jacob's Ladder, or of anything else that reached up to Heaven and touched the sky, may be of Jack the Giant Killer's bean stalk, for there is a house on the top in which, for aught I know, the Giant lives to this day, hating Englishmen. A half a dozen meetings are being held in the Universalist Church. And the speakers, having once ascended its pulpit, occupy a commanding position, in more senses than one, its attitude vying pretty successfully with that of the hills. The Presbyterian minister of this place, on being asked by a member of his Society if he was willing to have the ladies speak in his pulpit on Sunday, replied that he objected to their speaking on the Sabbath, but that he would listen, with pleasure, to them on any weekday. But before Monday evening, he was providentially convicted of the Infidelity of woman's speaking in public. The propriety of the injunction, "Let your women keep silence in churches," probably received additional force to his mind from the fact that, on Sunday afternoon, he found himself deserted by all but seven of his flock, which had, very unceremoniously, gone off to hear Mrs. Foster at the Universalist Church. But in justice to this minister it should be said, that he was so Heterodox as to preach against obeying the Fugitive Slave Edict, in his Thanksgiving Sermon. But between the Lyceum and the Academy, that distinguish this small village, the people may perhaps manage to think for themselves, a little, independently of the minister.

At Northville, a few miles distant, there was also a Presbyterian minister and meeting house. Our lecturers were received very handsomely, and the church was cordially opened for their meetings. And as their three meetings in that place allowed of only a partial presentation of this great subject, its future discussion was handed over to the worthy pastor, who, as we afterwards learned, faithfully remembered his commission in his sermon the very next Sunday.

The section of country through which we have just passed, lying along the Lake shore and for several miles inland, is covered with beautiful and extensive farms—too level for a lover of the picturesque, yet characterized by a Quaker-like plainness and substantiality. Their owners, either to supply the want of hills or other outward token of aspiration, have given any amount of Lombardy poplars leave to raise themselves to whatever height they chose; and they have used their privilege to an extent that must satisfy the most ambitious beholder.

Several excellent meetings were held in Aurora. It was there that a girl, at the close of one of them, came forward to purchase a Douglass Narrative, saying she "had recently read the Lady of the Lake, and become very much interested in the Douglasses."

A series of interesting meetings was held in Springport, or Union Springs, so called from two springs, or rather tiny lakes, to which they correspond in size far more than to our idea of springs.

Mrs. Foster and Miss Holley began their meetings, in this County, at Auburn. It was an unpropitious time. Public halls engaged, stormy weather, Court in session, and insufficient notice—these circumstances, with the state of the community, which here, as is usual in the vicinity of Theological Seminaries, is dead in trespasses and sins against Anti-Slavery, conspired to make the attendance not very numerous.

We came to Five Corners, Dec. 11th. Mrs. Foster being too ill to go out, Miss Holley spoke alone that evening. At the close of the lecture, the Presbyterian minister arose, and, after declaring himself "a watchman on the heights of Zion," proceeded to warn the audience against the "infidelity" of the Anti-Slavery movement, that was "desolating all the altars of God, and placing its iron heel on every thing that was good and holy in the land." He said, "I know there has been a powerful impression made on this audience, and, after the eloquent appeal that has been made to your sympathies, by the speaker who has superseded me in the watch-tower of Zion this evening, it cannot be expected that I will remain silent and hear the church villified and its ministers slandered." He asserted, with great vehemence, that the "popular church" of our land was "the true church of God, the hope and blessing of the world." He alluded in the most affectionate terms to his "pious church brethren at the South, whose holy breathings had done so much to evangelize the world." He said that "Frederick Douglass was a Christian, enjoying the presence of the Lord, while a slave, but no sooner had he become free than he turned infidel, and remained such to this day!"

As he took his seat, a gentleman arose and begged permission to speak, whom we afterwards learned was a Methodist Protestant minister. He said he felt "called upon to rescue the cause of Truth from such misrepresentations"—that he understood, and he presumed they all understood, the speaker to make a wide distinction between true Christianity and the popular church. He believed the "sister had spoken the truth," and added, "I call her *sister*, because I believe she is a lover of God." He proceeded, with great animation and fervour, to speak of the wrongs of the slave and the criminal culpability of the Church in keeping silence over them. He was heartily responded to, and applauded repeatedly by the audience in the course of his remarks. He told a thrilling story of an auction scene at the South, to which a brother minister of his was an eye-witness, in which a mother and three children were sold; when her youngest was torn from her arms, her screams were so terrible that a gag was thrust into her mouth while the sale went on. At length, when the gag was removed and she was to be put upon the block, it was discovered that she was a maniac! What was most impressive in his remarks was the forcible utterance he gave to feelings of strong and tender humanity.

Dec. 17.—We are informed that the Presbyterian minister above alluded to took occasion to say, in his sermon last Sunday, that he feared it would be "a long time before his church could be brought back to where she was before Miss Holley came."

Monday and Tuesday evenings, Mrs. Foster spoke at Five Corners, in a school-house, a large one, but very much crowded, people being obliged to stand in the entry. She expressed much sympathy for those persons who had paid so much money to build a comfortable church to meet in, when it was so much needed, and still more for the minister and those who held the keys, but were willing to come there and endure such discomforts, to which the audience heartily responded. Mrs. Foster exposed the pro-slavery character of the Presbyterian Church, referring to the action of the General Assembly, &c. The heroic minister appeared on its behalf, and, in his extremity, alleged that "the Bible sanctioned servitude!" Even the boys derided so monstrous a proposition, and Mrs. Foster generously interceded for his relief.

A number of subscribers was obtained for Anti-Slavery papers, and a respectable contribution made to the funds of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

The Anti-Slavery friends will be interested to know that this village was the scene of the pastoral labours, for two years, of the lamented EZRA C. Smith.

CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

DEAR FRIEND GAY: Nothing of unusual interest has transpired since my last. We have had much unfavourable weather of late, not only cold as Nova Zembla, but storming almost every day and night. Still, we have held a series of meetings at Cold Brook, Fairfield and Middleville, and are now on our way to Salisbury, for a meeting this evening,

Our meetings are not numerously attended, be the weather and travelling favourable or otherwise. Mrs. Foster passed over this region a few months ago, and to most of the people her tread was more terrible than the war horse of Alaric. They fled to their sectarian and party holes, and have never been seen since. Her name is a terror with which mothers and nurses scare their children into obedience or convulsions. They no longer need the old witch stories, with which, years ago, they could frighten you and me. You would laugh to hear her spoken of by many who hold her in such dread. Ministers as well as others, sometimes; ministers especially.

But yet, she made some most noble auxiliaries to the Cause, and, as might be expected, they are among the most intelligent as well as virtuous part of the community; men and women who have minds, and know the use of them; and courage, which enables them to act; and heart and conscience, leading them to act right.

There is some Anti-Slavery feeling in the churches, even in the Methodist and other churches, that hold so close and intimate relations with the South. But the people, especially in the Methodist churches, are blinded and deceived by the priesthood, in a manner the most remarkable, as well as atrocious. The other day we were in a place where there is a revival of Methodist religion, and a strong Society. The revival was used and urged as a reason for preventing our meetings. The good people said, "God is with us now by His Spirit, and we are afraid of these men; come, they will grieve and drive the Spirit away." We were, however, at last, admitted, the outside influence prevailing. Nothing was said in our meetings about the revival; but the true character and position of that church was unfolded. No word was uttered in defence, although some of the most influential men of the church were present. At the close, a convert of the present revival, and a man of much respectability and worth, was heard telling one of the church "You have deceived me. My mind was made up to join the church, and I had so told the minister. But I must abandon you, and find some other way to heaven." The church member could make no reply.

The Methodist ministers still insist that there has been a division of Conference on account of Slavery; and make the people believe that whoever joins them, comes into a pure Anti-Slavery church. And Mrs. Foster, and all the rest of us, are branded as the worst of liars, for contradicting the bold assertion. We have, however, opened the eyes of many, and some are progressing from Methodism to manhood, to the great dismay and consternation of the multitude whose eyes are yet sealed.

We went to Newport the other day—the handsomest and pleasantest town, in many respects, we have yet seen in the county of Herkimer—abounding in churches and elegant meeting-houses. But no entreaty of ours, or of our friend who was with us, could prevail to open us a vestry or school-house, even, for a meeting. We should have procured a vestry, but for a revival now in progress. You would think the very Millennium itself is upon us, to hear some of these people talk of their revivals. But we have to tell them, you have a religion of such a make as that the more you have of it, the worse you are. When we find you cold and *unrevived*, you can open your houses, hearts and hands to the slave and humanity. But when you get revived, as you call it, you are hard as millstones, and cold as marble. We have, as yet, been refused no house that is ever opened for lectures, except on the ground of a revival; and Newport is the only place from which we have been kept altogether. These revivals, however, are harmless, and without much, if any, harvest.

At Middleville there is a strong Free-Will Baptist church, the minister and members of which, claim to to have risen to the stature of *perfect men* in Anti-Slavery. It was, however, with much difficulty that we gained admittance to the meeting-house, and neither minister attended with us, nor many of his church. And on Sunday evening, when we hoped for our largest attendance, they appointed a prayer-meeting close by, and did their best to draw everybody into it. This prayer-meeting was most wantonly appointed after we had arrived and commenced our lectures.

But we were assured that our labours had not been without good results. For though some scolded and scoffed, there were others, and persons of discernment too, who declared we could only be opposed for the truth we uttered, and the right and justice we defended and inculcated.

Yours as ever, PARKER PILLSBURY.

Fairfield, Dec. 16th, 1851.

DEATH OF MARSHAL SOULT.—The eath of Marshal Soult whose name is connected with many of the hard won victories of Napoleon, is announced in the French papers. He was born in 1769, in the same year as the Emperor Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, Mehemet Ali, Georgs Cuvier, Chateaubriand, and Walter Scott, and was consequently in his 82d year. With Marshal Soult is extinct the last and highest illustration of a period so fruitful in great things, and in great souvenirs.

Marshal Soult entered the army sixty-seven years ago as a private soldier, and rising rapidly through the intermediate grades, closed his public career as Minister of War under Louis Philippe.

DEATH OF HON. GEORGE S. CATLIN.—Hon. George S. Catlin died at Windham, Conn., on the 26th ultimo, of consumption. He was quite an eminent Opposition politician.

XXXIId CONGRESS.....First Session.

SENATE.....MONDAY, Dec. 22d. 1851.

DEBATE ON THE COMPROMISES.

Mr. FOOTE'S Compromise resolution was taken up.

Mr. HOUSTON, of Texas, said there could be nothing equivocal in his position on the Compromise measures. He was now the only one in the Senate who had voted for every single measure of the Compromise. Only one other Senator had done so—Mr. Sturgeon of Penn. and he was not in the Senate now. His position, therefore, could not be mistaken. When he declared he had voted for them all—that his heart now told him these votes were right—yet he could not vote for this resolution. He stood on the platform of the Democratic party. Men were not excluded from that party because of differences of opinion. Its policy was liberal. Its members differ widely upon the questions of Internal Improvement and the Tariff; and yet they all stood on the same platform. That party allowed the utmost latitude to opinion, and he was opposed to making the Compromise any test, but was for allowing full freedom to the differences of opinion. He was opposed to the enlargement of the Democratic platform. That platform was large enough to embrace the whole Union, and if it wanted enlargement, let the people put the planks on. This resolution had been rejected in the other House by a Democratic caucus, and if it had been offered in caucus in the Senate, it would not have met with better favor. No man violated his party allegiance by voting against this resolution. He examined all the Compromise acts, and pointed out why he had voted for them. With regard to the California bill, he went into a long explanation of his course, and read many extracts from various speeches made by him. He voted for the Oregon bill, because in so doing he maintained the Missouri Compromise line. For that vote he was denounced. Subsequently the whole South abandoned that line. In 1849, the Mississippi Convention, which he then stated was the result of the South Carolina influence, passed certain resolutions, the result of which was the Nashville Convention. The Nashville Convention, at its session, adopted as its ultimatum, the line of 36 deg. 30 min. for voting for which he had been so much denounced by the South He read from several speeches by Messrs. Foote, Calhoun, and himself, on these points. He repeated his unequivocal support of the Compromise, but he protested most solemnly against any one placing on the Democratic platform any principle or measure which was not properly authorized by the representatives of the party. Members of Congress were only the representatives of the sentiments of those whom they represented. It was a cardinal principle of the Democratic party, that no representative could exceed the powers delegated to him. He was opposed to making issues here, and sending them out to the people. He preferred to let them come to the Representatives from the people. This resolution was not an emanation of the party, and he protested against anything like reading a man out of the party who did not endorse this resolution. He was opposed to Congress passing any abstract resolutions for the purpose of making a party, or affecting party issues. He would not blacken the Senate journals by placing such resolutions on its pages. There were discords now in the party which it were wise to heal before engrafting this new subject on its platform. Why could not a difference of opinion be tolerated on this question, as well as on the tariff and internal improvement questions? He could vote for no proposition which would have the effect of increasing the discord, and widening the jarring interests which now disturbed its harmony, by forcing upon its platform anything extraneous to its legitimate doctrine. If he could see anything in the resolution calculated to benefit, or be of advantage to the country or the Democratic party, he might consider it more favourably. He alluded to controversies in which he had been engaged during the last session with certain South Carolina members. He repeated his assertion that the Constitution of South Carolina was not so liberal as it might be. No citizen of that State, except in a representative capacity, ever voted for Governor, or at the Presidential elections. When a member of the other House, in 1824, he had just heard of secession, disunion, and resistance to the Constitutional acts of the Federal Government. He then considered the speech as treason in the heart, though not technically so. He was surprised to hear the Senator (Mr. Rhett) boldly avow the same sentiments in the Senate of the United States. Though stripped of the technicalities which would make such an avowal treason, still it did not lessen the moral turpitude of the offence. He hoped the waters of oblivion would hide forever the stain which such a crime would leave behind.

Mr. FOOTE said, that whether this speech had been prepared in expectation that it would be delivered in his absence, he would leave others to determine. It was rumoured that he was to get a drubbing to-day, and he had remained in wait for the purpose of replying to it. The Senator had thought proper to make a party harangue, and to accuse him of bringing forward a measure to advance party interests and party purposes.

Mr. HOUSTON disclaimed having done so.

Mr. FOOTE said, that nevertheless such would be the understanding of the speech to us. Was there any thing inconsistent in this resolution with the principles of the Democratic party, or with the principles of the Baltimore platform? It did not become persons who were deeply involved in petty bargains, in intrigues, and in all other means to secure promotion in high places, for which they were utterly unfit, to talk of keeping the Democratic party pure. It did not become those who had been bidding high for, and intriguing with Free Soilers and other factions for aid and support in obtaining a certain high office, which could not be obtained otherwise, to talk of platforms and principles. Those who had been engaged in all kinds of bargains and sales, in intrigues which had injured the party, in pandering for the support of the miserable faction called Free Soilers, to elect themselves President and Vice-President should not now talk of platforms and Democratic policy. The Senator thinks that all movements should come from without, rather than from within Congress. Well might that Senator say so. He belonged to that class of persons who were constantly looking out to see which way the popular breeze was blowing, in order that he might set his sails, and be blown into his desired haven. He hoped the day was far distant when any person who had sacrificed principles and party ties; who had been false to all parties; who possessed no ability, no single moral quality; who was utterly deficient in statesmanship and political honesty; who catered for the support of Free Soil votes, himself a Southern man—should be elected to the Presidency; for, when such a person succeeded in getting into that high place, it would be to the ineffaceable disgrace of our national institutions. The Senator was not in favour of excluding from the Democratic party those who did not indorse the Compromise. No—he was in favour of admitting to the caucuses and councils of the Democratic party those factionists and disturbers of the public peace who were engaged in disgraceful bargains and miserable intrigues to advance themselves and their friends into power. The Senator has a very special and appropriate audience to hear this sentiment advanced. [Rantoul and Sumner were sitting behind Houston]. No doubt the Senator's declaration of fellowship with these men, who, by bargain and sale, corruption and intrigue, have got places, is heartily responded to by them. They are pledged to obtain a repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and to deprive the South of her Constitutional rights, and the Senate is in favour of admitting them on the Democratic platform. And, for fear they cannot support this resolution, he is unwilling it should be adopted. He (Foote) would never hold political fellowship with such men. The Senator, however, was in favour of admitting them—was in favour of counselling and advising with them, to the utter destruction of the Democratic party, and in opposition to all its principles, for the very high purpose of securing the aid of their faction. They represented in electing to the Presidency a certain political humbug. The Senator declared he had supported the Compromise, Yes—he did, in order to get all the money he could for Texas. Why did he support the admission of California? Was it because he was following the lead of Mr. Benton, in order to make friends of the Free Soilers, and, by intriguing and bargaining, secure their votes for himself for the Presidency? He defended his resolution. Its object was to satisfy the country that the settlement which had been made was a final one, and that the efforts of factions could not disturb it. No opposition would ever be made to it, in a certain quarter, if Presidential appointments were not entertained there. If there are Southern men here, who, instead of pursuing their course as patriots and statesmen, were intriguing to catch Free Soil votes at the North, and if those Northern men who were catering for disunion votes at the South could be got rid of, then this resolution would meet with no opposition. Any man here who was by birth and residence a Southern man, yet who, instead of doing his duty, was engaged in all the petty efforts to catch Free Soil support and votes, was not only unfit for the Presidency, but was unfit to be made a constable.

Mr. HOUSTON was not aware that he had said anything tor aise the Senator's ire. The Senator states no facts, but deals altogether in conjectures. He catered for no honours. What he had, he had. If he were to embark in efforts to get others, he might lose what he had. He was no caterer for the Presidency. He had no conversation or correspondence with Free Soilers or others. On his way here, he addressed a meeting in Alabama, and expressed the same views there he had done to-day. There were no Free Soilers there. He was engaged in no Presidential intrigues. He was engaged in forwarding no particular interest. But it was understood that the Senator himself, for the last two years, had been playing Warwick, the king-maker. We might, if disposed to deal in rumours, say the Senator's resolution was concocted in the State Department; that the Senator was anxious to raise up a third party, to be made up out of the two old ones, who were to run candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency. He would not say whether the Senator was designed to be foremost or last in the race. He might have said the Senator was anxious to raise a party suitable to the state of affairs in Mississippi. But these were all conjectures and he had abstained from them. The Senator's course reminded him of an anecdote which he would relate. There was a very excellent man whose name was Means—Parson Means—an honourable, amiable, kind-hearted man—a good neighbour and friend—but who had a most restless disposition, and who could not be kept out of mischief, notwithstanding his religion. A friend one night had a vision, and it was of Paradise. After viewing that place, it occurred to him that he would like to see some of his old friends, and he inquired for Parson Means. He was told the Parson was not there, but perhaps it would be well to inquire in purgatory. The friend repaired thither, and was received by the keeper with much cordiality and respect. While addressing the visitor, the keeper stopped abruptly, saying: "Stay there a moment: Parson Means has broken his chain, and unless I secure him again, he will in a few moments turn purgatory upside down." [Great laughter]. He would leave the Senator to make the application.

Mr. FOOTE said the reason he had not applied his remarks particularly to the Senator, was because that would be out of order. The Senator could not forge a chain strong enough to confine him from doing his duty. The Senator was now at liberty to return to purgatory, or descend to *Infernis*, whichever he pleased.

Mr. HOUSTON declared all insinuations that he had had any correspondence with Free-Soilers, Secessionists or Disunionists, as utterly unfounded. He wished to the Senator a smooth path through life, and fervently hoped that his course hereafter might be less troublesome than it had been.

Mr. BUTLER followed defending the South Carolina Constitution from Mr. Houston's commentaries.

Mr. HOUSTON rejoined.

Mr. HALE said, if the object of the resolution was to restore harmony, so far as it was operated in, it was a failure.

Mr. FOOTE said he expected Free Soilers and Disunionists to die hard.

Mr. HALE thought the Free Soilers could die without half the noise the Senator made on the resolution. He continued his remarks for some time.

Mr. CLEMENS, of Alabama, said it was not his purpose to reply to anything said by the Senator from New Hampshire. A circus clown was privileged everywhere.

The CHAIR said that remark was out of order.

Mr. CLEMENS said he would speak to-morrow, and the Senate adjourned.

DECEMBER, 23d.

The Compromise resolutions were then taken up, when, Mr. Clemens having yielded the floor,

Mr. CASS thanked the Senator from Alabama for yielding him the floor, and said: Though I have expressed to the honourable mover of this resolution my regret at its introduction, yet here it is, and I am required to vote upon it, to testify my satisfaction at the passage of the Compromise measures, and my conviction that the arrangement was a just, and should be a final one, no more to be disturbed in whole or in part. I have before taken occasion, in my seat here, when practical subjects involving all these subjects were before us, to state my views, and I shall not now repeat them. When the course proposed purposes no legislative action, I am not generally in favour of mere legislative declarations, leading to no practical results. Yet the circumstances surrounding this proceeding give to it unusual importance, and it may well rest upon its own peculiar claims. The peace of the country has been assured, I trust, by this series of measures; but reports have gone abroad, more or less imposing in their character, that they would fail in Congress, and some of them repealed, or so modified as to destroy their efficiency and acceptability. Agitation is thus kept alive by the expectation of change, prepared to renew its fearful work; and in this state of things, I find myself face to face with a resolution which asserts as, I believe, the true character and just inviolability of these measures, and seeks thereby to remove from the public mind all apprehensions that the perilous contest, through which, by the kindness of Providence, we have safely passed, will again be renewed; and I would now discharge my duty as faithlessly to my constituents as to myself, if I did not meet this propsition with frankness, and support it with frankness. And especially, sir, am I unwilling to be misunderstood in this grave conjuncture, after the denunciations we have heard for the first time from an American Senator, in the American Senate, against the Confederation and Government of our common country. If such sentiments are to furnish motives to any one for the rejection of this proposition, they will furnish motives to me for its support, as I desire, equally by my voice and my vote, to mark my disapprobation of them. Mr. President, the words that fell from the honourable Senator from South Carolina, (Mr. Rhett) were to me as unwelcome as they were unexpected. They fell upon reluctant—I may say indignant ears—and they went to sorrowing hearts. I have not the most distant idea of following the Senator in his bill of indictment against his country—against my country—against this glorious Union—the most precious political gift of God to man since the exodus of our first parents from the garden of Eden. I will not follow him; the task would be too irksome. In his arithmetical calculations of what the different portions of our country have lost or gained in the collection and disbursement of the revenue, in the disposition of the public lands, nor even in the amount of pensions granted to the poor and time-honoured, but poverty-stricken relics of our Revolutionary struggle, not only because many of the facts, and almost all the conclusions are erroneous, but still more because, after all the inequality, which really exists not, but which may be shadowed forth by the most distempered imagination, there remains a sum of freedom and prosperity, of enjoyment and blessings, such as the world never saw before, and will never see again, if this Union is dissolved. That it is the freest Government the sun ever shone upon, requires no clearer proof than is furnished by the very denunciations against it uttered in this high place, in the presence of the portrait of the Father of his Country, hallowing, not merely adorning, these walls, and who, in his last solemn act, warned us against sectional feelings and their consequences. That Government has not been merely assailed, in a strain of invective, rare even in the contests of party, but the determination has been avowed, in language not less clear than unqualified, to break up the Union by breaking the prestige of its integrity, and to reduce it to a kind of temporary partnership, feeble and inefficient in its operations, both at home and abroad, and equally contemptible to its own citizens, and to the rest of the world. Does the honourable gentleman believe there is another Government under the face of heaven where such language could be uttered, and such objects avowed with impunity? And does he not find in the great principle of the right of speech, of free speech, unshackled by conditions or limitations, unknown indeed in its extent elsewhere throughout the world, does he not find, I say, a refutation of his own positions, that we live under a despotism, a practical commentary which rebuked, even while he uttered them, his harsh denunciations? As to the ruin so confidently asserted or predicted, where is it, or even a sign of it as big as a man's hand, like that seen by a prophet more truly inspired, I trust, than the Senator from South Carolina? Has the eye of man ever rested upon a more prosperous country than this? and if such a condition is ruinous, or pregnant with ruin, where shall we find prosperity but in some new Paradise especially created and governed by God? Though even in such a place, and experience has taught us that a tree of evil may be found and the richest blessings rashly rejected, in a spirit of impatience and discontent? North and south, east and west, the sun rises and sets on a happy land, teeming with an intelligent people, with free and equal institutions, with all the avenues of position and employment open to all, and advancing in every element of power and prosperity. With a rapidity which outstrips human expectations it has outstripped human experience, and, with nothing to fear but our own crimes and follies and the just judgments of God. While Republics, and Empires, and Monarchies have fallen and are still falling before us, marking this as the age of social and political revolutions, our institutions have been preserved, our boundaries enlarged, our power augmented, and the beacon light of liberty still shines from our shores, inviting the struggling nations of the earth, tossed upon a sea of oppression, to follow us to a haven of safety. For almost three score years and ten this has been my country—my happy, glorious country—and for more than half a century since I have been old enough to appreciate and to love it, its Government has protected me and mine from foreign aggression and domestic violence.

The Senator seems to measure the value of free institutions by a standard adapted to his own peculiar notions of the operations of fiscal laws, and the assumed want of equality, which he has strangely and strongly asserted, but has failed to prove, may be the knell—the passing knell—he hopes and believes—of this world-watched Republic: but our real equality, the true American equality of condition, by which we have neither high nor low among us and which freely offers fortune and honours alike to the hopes and exertions of all—this condition of social existence the Senator has not glanced at, probably has not even thought of, in his search after the evidences of sectional inequality. But it is an institution which those who commenced life under circumstances less fortunate than himself regard as the brightest spot in our political firmament—as offering ample compensation for any temporary partial operation of public measures. Where such occur, and they must sometimes occur, in every government, far greater than in the cases, even if they were all liable, which they are not, to this objection, whose proofs have been collected with so much industry, and spread before us with so much power, and I doubt not sincerely, but with so little conviction. Such was the charge against the non-intercourse, the embargo, the war, the tariff, and, to some extent, the removal of the deposits; and the forebodings of ruin, happily rebuked by the results, were then as wide spread as they can be again, and were rendered still more powerful by that strange spirit of hallucination to which the best and wisest are often subject during periods of excitement, in this, our world of errors. And I may well speak with a full heart upon the subject of our equality of condition, for this very condition, joined, indeed, to the undeserved favours of my fellow-citizens, has given me, whose early prospects in life were shrouded in difficulties, and who passed much of it in hard and harsh duties in the forest, it has given even to me this opportunity, and I glory in it, of bearing my testimony of gratitude to the priceless value of the Constitution here, in this great depository of its power. And when, in God's time, I shall need its protection no longer, may I leave it as a most precious legacy, untouched and unscathed, to those who are most dear to me, an object of pride and affection for them as it has been for me. What a strange spectacle does the opposition to the Compromise exhibit! Assailed with equal violence, not to say virulence, at the North and the South, its enemies unite in condemning it with equal zeal; but they unite in nothing else. Both parties charge it with unconstitutionality and injustice, because it concedes all to one and nothing to the other, while each considers itself the injured party, and its rights and feelings as having been sacrificed by the arrangement. For myself, sir, I believe it was a wise and patriotic disposition of the eventful questions which agitated and threatened us; and I think, if other evidence were wanting, it has been supplied by the criminations and recrimination which are yet sounding in our ears.

Mr. CLEMENS said, if the resolution had been submitted to him before it was offered, he would not have advised it; not because he thought it wrong, but in deference to the opinions of others. It was, however, now here, and the Senate must vote upon it; and, from the character of the debate which had taken place, it was their imperative duty to pass it. The scene which the Senate had exhibited during the delivery of the harrangues of the Senator from South Carolina, was surprising to no one here, but would have been to the country. Grouped around the Senator was the Senator from Massachusetts, the Senator from Ohio, and the Senator from New Hampshire, forming a ring of admirers, while the face of the Senator from New York was radiant with satisfaction. This was not surprising to any one here. A Southern Senator, declaring he was a Disunionist, and that a majority of the people he represented were Secessionists, and four as rabid Abolitionists as the country contained, sat near and applauded the sentiment. There was a sympathy in treason—there was a sympathy between traitors as well as between knaves. It was said there was no necessity for the resolution. He thought there was. When traitors North and South were opposing the Compromise and doing all in their power to raise again the fires of agitation, was there no necessity for assuring the people that the measures could not be adopted, but were final? He was no friend of the Compromise when it was passed. He had opposed it; but it having been adopted as a settlement, he was prepared to abide by it. The admission of California had been charged upon every stump in the South as an unmitigated wrong—as a robbery committed by the North upon the South. He thought the charge was not correct. Who commenced the California question? Mr. Polk, a Southern man, was in favour of a bill providing for her admission. That bill, though it was better than the one that passed, recognised the great principle that the people had a right to frame a government for themselves. President Taylor, also from the South, came next, and recommended her admission as she now stands. She was admitted. Was it by Northern votes? Certainly not; 8 out of 15 Southern States furnished votes for her admission. Kentucky furnished 7 votes out of 10; Tennessee furnished 7 out of 11. These States furnished more volunteers than any other two States, for the contest in which California was obtained. They were Southern States, with the same interests as other Southern States, and if any wrong or robbery was committed, they did their share. If we commence secession from those who wronged us, we must commence with these two States. He replied to the argument that the admission of California was unconstitutional, because States could only be admitted under the Constitution, that all the States were territories up to the time of their admission, except Vermont, Texas and Tennessee. The Utah bill was complained of. The South voted for this bill, and passed it. In voting for it he had to be alongside of the very pillars of the State Right Church. The South was not excluded from taking slaves there. The Senator had said that the South was excluded, and that no man of common honesty or of any honesty at all, could assert to the contrary. He asserted it, and could prove it. He knew not what the standard was that the Senator judged himself by, nor what standard the people of South Carolina judged the Senator by; but he could tell him that in that part of the world not included in South Carolina, there was a very prevalent opinion that the Senator could not make a very violent sensation, even in the Kingdom of Lilliput. He read from the Utah Territorial bill to show that a guarantee that Utah should be admitted with or without Slavery, was given, which had never been given before—that trials between masters and slaves, and between adverse claimants of slaves was provided for; that fugitive slaves in territories were to be delivered up; that the Constitution and Laws of the United States had been extended over the territories, and thence drew the conclusion that Congress, by these several provisions, recognised and provided for the existence of Slavery in Utah. If Slavery was excluded therefrom by these laws of God and nature, what right had the South to complain? All they could do was, to see that Congress did not exclude it. Congress had not done so. The South got, therefore, all she claimed. Slavery was going to New Mexico. The Abolition emissaries sent there admitted the fact, and said that New Mexico would be admitted as a slave State. The Texas Boundary Bill was charged by the Senator from South Carolina as a robbery of four States from the South. The very champion of State Rights, the late Mr. Calhoun, up to the hour of his death, had denied to Texas any title whatever to the territory given up to her. By that act, the territory of Texas was extended up and along the Rio Grande for nine hundred miles, to none of which would Calhoun have admitted she had any claim. The Fugitive Slave Law had been execrated both North and West—there were but few failures anywhere. There were some evasions of the law, but it had been better enforced than any other statute of the land. This resolution says the Fugitive Slave Law is to remain unrepealed and unamended. What apology can any Southern man give to an outraged constituency for refusing to vote for it? Who will not vote to quell agitation? Why will not the Senator vote for it? The reason is obvious. There is treason in it. He was opposed to the passage of the law abolishing the slave trade in the District of Columbia, but as it formed part of the Compromise, he would not vote for its repeal tomorrow. The Senator complained of the tariff of 1846, yet he and every other one of the South Carolina delegation voted for it. He had never dwelt much upon the right of secession. He never gave much consideration to the miserable right to tear asunder all the ties of kindred and affection, and break up all the associations of the past. He denied that there existed any such right. It was said that New York and Virginia, in adopting the Constitution, reserved the right. If they did, South Carolina did not, and she cannot take advantage of her reservation. The Constitution was submitted to all the States for ratification as a whole, and in adopting it, they adopted it all, without any reservation. There was no such thing as a sovereign State in the United States. No State could coin money, emit bills of credit, punish treason, or go to war. These were the most common attributes of sovereignty. The Constitution and Laws of the United States were the supreme law of the land, and State law or constitution to the contrary notwithstanding. Whoever heard of a sovereign State being governed by the law of another power. It is remarkable that only peaceable secession was claimed. The chivalry wanted to secede, but they wanted to do so peaceable. His secession was revolution. When he seceded it would not be peaceably, but by revolution. When the heel of oppression was upon his neck, he would not stop to ask to leave it peaceably. Seccssion, it was claimed, found authority in the resolutions of '98. Calhoun and McDuffie could not find secession in those resolutions. Secession had its origin in that band of traitors who assembled in Hartford, Connecticut. A similar band assembled lately at Syracuse, declared the right of a State to secede, and applauded the efforts of South Carolina to do so. The Syracuse resolutions were as good as any the Charleston State Rights Club could make. The parentage of secession was not respectable. Louisiana was bought and paid for by taxes imposed on the whole people of the United States. It was bought to secure the mouth of the Mississippi. The people of nine States were interested in the navigation of that stream. Suppose Louisiana should secede and go out of the Union, and as a sovereign State, keep the mouth of that river. Would other States submit? Never! Pennsylvania has as much cause to secede on account of the tariff, as the Senator had on account of the tariff, for which he voted. Her secession would divide the Union. Had other States no rights to be prejudiced thereby, and would they submit? All rights were relative. No one could exercise a right and thereby injure his neighbour—no man had the right to fire his own house and burn down that of his neighbour. He read from the *Federalist* to show that the object of the framers of the Constitution was to establish a Government competent to preserve the Union. Nine States only were required to ratify the Constitution, because if all were required, one, through caprice, might defeat it. If this pains had been taken to guard against the caprice of one State rejecting the Constitution, was it reasonable to suppose that a Union was established which the caprice of any one out of thirty States could destroy and dissolve? What was there in the present state of affairs to justify secession? Here a man could sit under his own vine and fig tree and exclaim, all these are mine—no monarchy can touch the smallest article of my property—and when his infant climbs to his knee, and he feels his warm breath, sweeter than the odour of roses, what emotions must swell within his bosom when he reflects that that smiling prattler has the opportunity to occupy the highest and most honoured positions in this favoured land—that under this Government that boy may yet become the ruler of the mightiest nation the world ever saw. For what shall all these things be exchanged? For the tempest and the storm? For the sounds of fife and rattling drum? for the wail of virgin and strife of men? for a night of darkness; and yet the Senator from South Carolina calls on us to follow him in his course. He has sworn to support the Constitution. He (Clemens) had heard of men who had stained the Evangelists with blood—of men who, under the impulse of avarice and passion had sworn away the life of their fellow-men; and such enemies were abhorred by all. Yet what was it worse than he who, having sworn to support the Constitution, would plunge a whole nation in perpetual strife and scenes of blood to overturn that Constitution. It was never expected that the Compromise would simultaneously quell agitation; but he expected to see the day when all agitation on this subject would cease throughout the land, and that then we could exclaim, *Io triumphe!* the Republic is safe and the flag of the free once more floats beneath an unclouded sky!

Mr. DOUGLASS explained the reason of his absence when the vote was taken on the Fugitive Slave Bill. He was called suddenly to New York to settle a pecuniary obligation of $4,000. Before leaving, he was told the debate on the bill would last several days. While dining at the Astor House, he was told the Bill had been ordered to a third reading; he immediately left, and travelled all night in the hope of reaching Washington in time to vote on its final passage. The bill, however, had been finally passed on the day

Miscellany.

CLOSE OF JOHN STERLING'S LIFE.

The closing passages of the biography are full of a deep and affecting interest. Sterling's mother was dying of heart diseases, while he himself at Falmouth was watching over his ailing wife upon the verge of her confinement. The delicate tact, the tenderness, the natural piety of the last two letters written by John Sterling to his dying mother, reveal the entire beauty of his character. It is not because he aimed at literature that his friends loved him; in literature it may be admitted that comparatively he failed. It is for that purity and truthfulness of spirit which breathes over the whole of these two letters that he had been so widely loved.

FALMOUTH, April 8, 1843.

"DEAREST MOTHER: I could do you no good, but it would be the greatest comfort to me if I could be near you. Nothing would detain me but Susan's condition. I feel that until her confinement is over, I ought to remain here—unless you wished me to go to you; in which case she would be the first to send me off. Happily she is doing as well as possible, and seems even to gain strength every day. She sends her love to you.

"The children are all doing well. I rode with Edward to-day through some of the pleasant lanes in the neighbourhood, and was delighted, as I have often been at the same season, to see the primroses under every hedge. It is pleasant to think that the Maker of them can make other flowers for the garden of his other mansions. We have here a softness in the air, a smoothness in the clouds, and a mild sunshine, that combine in lovely peace with the first green of spring and the mellow whiteness of the sails upon the quiet sea. The whole aspect of the world is full of a quiet harmony, that influences even one's bodily frame, and seems to make one's very limbs aware of something living, good and immortal in all around us. Knowing how you suffer, and how weak you are, anything is a blessing to me that helps me to rise out of confusion and grief into the sense of God and joy. I could not indeed but feel how much happier I should have been, this morning, had you been with me, and delighting as you would have done in all the little as well as the large beauty of the world. But it was still a satisfaction to feel how much I owe to you of the power of perceiving meaning, reality and sweetness in all healthful life. And thus I could fancy that you were still near me; and that I could see you, as I often have seen you, looking with earnest eyes at wayside flowers.

"I would rather not have written what must recall your thoughts to your present sufferings; but, dear mother, I wrote only what I felt; and perhaps you would rather have it so, than that I should try to find other topics. I still hope to be with you before long. Meanwhile, and always, God bless you, is the prayer of—Your affectionate son,

"JOHN STERLING."

To the same.

FALMOUTH, April 12, 1843.

"DEAREST MOTHER: I have just received my father's letter; which gives me at least the comfort of believing that you do not suffer much pain. That your mind has remained so clear and strong, is an infinite blessing.

"I do not know anything in the world that would make up to me at all for wanting the recollection of the days I spent with you lately, when I was amazed at the freshness and life of all your thoughts. It brought back far-distant years, in the strangest, most peaceful way. I felt myself walking with you in Greenwich Park, and on the sea-shore at Sangate; almost even I seemed a baby with you bending over me. Dear mother, there is surely something uniting us that cannot perish. I seem so sure of a love which shall last and reunite us, that even the remembrance, painful as that is, of all my own follies and ill tempers, cannot shake this faith. When I think of you, and know how you feel towards me, and have felt for every moment of almost forty years, it would be too dark to believe that we shall never meet again. It was from youth that I first learned to think, to feel, to imagine, to believe; and these powers, which cannot be extinguished, will one day enter anew into communion with you. I have bought it very dear by the prospect of losing you in this world—but since you have been so ill, everything has seemed to me holier, loftier and more lasting, more full of hope and final joy.

"It would be very great happiness to see you once more even here; but I do not know if that will be granted to me. But for Susan's state, I should not hesitate an instant; as it is, my duty seems to be to remain, and I have no right to repine. There is no sacrifice that she would not make for me, and it would be too cruel to endanger her by mere anxiety on my account. Nothing can exceed her sympathy with my sorrow. But she cannot know, no one can, the recollections of all you have been and done for me; which now are the most sacred and deepest, as well as most beautiful, thoughts that abide with me. May God bless you, dearest mother. It is much to believe that he feels for you all that you have ever felt for your children.

"JOHN STERLING."

A day or two after this, "on Good Friday, 1843," his wife got happily through her confinement, bringing him, he writes, "a stout little girl, who and the mother are doing as well as possible." The little girl still lives and does well; but for the mother there was another lot. Till the Monday following she too did altogether well, he affectionately watching her; but in the course of that day, some change for the worse was noticed, though nothing to alarm either the doctors or him; he watched by her bedside all night, still without alarm; but sent in the morning, Tuesday morning, for the doctors—who did not seem able to make much of the symptoms. She appeared weak and low, but made no particular complaint. The London post meanwhile was announced; Sterling went into another room to learn what tidings of his mother it brought him. Returning speedily, with a face which in vain strove to be calm, his wife asked, how at Knightsbridge? "My mother is dead," answered Sterling; "died on Sunday: she is gone." "Poor old man!" murmured the other, thinking of old Edward Sterling now left alone in the world: and these were her own last words: in two hours more she too was dead. In two hours mother and wife were suddenly both snatched away from him.

"It came with awful suddenness!" writes he to his Clifton friend. "Still for a short time I had my Susan: but I soon saw that the medical men were in terror; and almost within half an hour of that fatal Knightsbridge news, I began to suspect our own pressing danger. I received her last breath upon my lips. Her mind was much sunk, and her perceptions slow; but a few minutes before the last, she must have caught the idea of dissolution and signed that I should kiss her. She faltered painfully, 'Yes! yes!'—returned with fervency the pressure of my lips; and in a few moments her eyes began to fix, her pulse to cease." She too is gone from me! it was Tuesday morning, April 18, 1843. His mother had died on the Sunday before.

"He had loved his excellent kind mother, as he ought and well might: in that good heart, in all the wanderings of his own, there had ever been a shrine of warm pity of mother's love and blessed soft affections for him; and now it was closed in the eternities forevermore. His poor life-partner too, his other self, who had faithfully attended him so long in all his pilgrimings, cheerily footing the heavy tortuous ways along with him, can follow him no further; sinks now at his side:—the rest of your pilgrimings alone, O friend—adieu, adieu!" She too is forever hidden from his eyes; and he stands, on the sudden, very solitary amid the tumult of fallen and falling things. "My little baby girl is doing well; a poor little wreck cast upon the sea-beach of life. My children require me tenfold now. What I shall do is all confusion and darkness."

Sterling's own death was now at hand. It is described in a manner which will long dwell in the memory of all readers. The comment is a silent one which such noble and beautiful traits suggest, and it does not fall from the pen.

At an early period of his illness, all visitors had of course been excluded, except his most intimate ones; before long, so soon as the end became apparent, he took leave even of his father, to avoid excitements and intolerable emotions; and, except his brother and the Maurices, who were generally about him coming and going, none were admitted. This latter form of life, I think, continued for above three months. Men were still working about his grounds, of whom he took some charge; needful works, great and small, let them not pause on account of him. He still rose from bed; had still some portion of his day which he could spend in his library. Besides business there, he read a good deal—earnest books; the Bible, most earnest of books, his chief favourite. He still even wrote a good deal. To his eldest boy, now Mr. Newman's ward, who had been removed to the Maurices since the beginning of this illness, he addressed, every day or two, sometimes daily, for eight or nine weeks, a letter, of general paternal advice and exhortation; interspersing, sparingly, now and then, such notices of his own feelings and condition as could be addressed to a boy. These letters I have lately read; they give, beyond any he has written, a noble image of the intrinsic Sterling; the same face we had long known; but painted now as on the azure of eternity, serene, victorious, divinely sad; the dusts and extraneous disfigurements imprinted on it by the world, now washed away. One little excerpt, not the best, but the fittest for its neighbourhood here, will be welcome to the reader:

"*To Master Edward C. Sterling, London.*

"Hillside, Ventnor, June 29, 1844.

"MY DEAR BOY: We have been going on here as quietly as possible, with no event that I know of. There is nothing except books to occupy me. But you may suppose that my thoughts often move towards you, and that I fancy what you may be doing in the great city the greatest on the earth—where I spent so many years of my life. I first saw London when I was between eight and nine years old, and then lived in or near it for the whole of the next ten, and more there than anywhere else for seven years longer. Since then I have hardly ever been a year without seeing the place, and have often lived in it for a considerable time. There I grew from childhood to be a man. My little brothers, and sisters, and since, my mother, died and are buried there. There I first saw your mamma, and was there married. It seems as if, in some strange way, London were a part of me, or I of London. I think of it often, not as full of noise and dust and confusion, but as something silent, grand and everlasting.

"When I fancy how you are walking in the same streets, or moving along the same river, that I used to watch so intently, as if in a dream, when younger than you are—I could gladly burst into tears, not of grief, but with a feeling that there is no name for. Everything is so wonderful, great and holy, so sad and yet not bitter, so full of death, and so bordering on heaven. Can you understand anything of this? If you can, you will begin to know what a serious matter our life is: how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be, who does not as soon as possible bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies first before him. * * * * *

"We have a mist here to-day from the sea. It reminds me of that which I used to see from my house in St. Vincent, rolling over the great volcano and the mountains round it. I used to look at it from our windows with your mamma, and you a little baby in her arms.

"This letter is not so well written as I could wish, but I hope you will be able to read it.

"Your affectionate papa, JOHN STERLING."

These letters go from June 9th to August 2d, at which latter date vacation time arrived, and the boy returned to him. The letters are preserved; and surely well worth preserving.

In this manner he wore the slow doomed months away. Day after day his little period of library went on waning, shrinking into less and less; but I think it never altogether ended till the general end came. For courage, for active audacity, we had all known Sterling; but such a fund of mild stoicism, of devout patience and heroic composure, we did not hitherto know in him. His sufferings, his sorrows, all his unutterabilities in this slow agony he held right manfully down; marched loyally, as at the bidding of the Eternal, into the dread kingdoms, and no voice of weakness was heard from him. Poor noble Sterling, he had struggled so high and gained so little here! But this also he did gain, to be a brave man, and it was much.

Summer passed into autumn: Sterling's earthly businesses, to the last detail of them, were now all as good as done; his strength too was wearing to its end; his daily turn in the library shrunk now to a span. He had to hold himself as if in readiness for the great voyage at any moment. One other letter I must give; not quite the last message I had from Sterling, but the last that can be inserted here; a brief letter, fit to be forever memorable to the receiver of it:

"*To Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea, London.*

"Hillside, Ventnor, August 10, 1844.

"MY DEAR CARLYLE: For the first time for many months it seems possible to send you a few words: merely, however, for remembrance and farewell. On higher matters there is nothing to say. I tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty indeed I have none. With regard to you and me I cannot begin to write; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when THERE, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by.

"Your wife knows my mind towards her and will believe it without asseverations.

"Yours to the last, JOHN STERLING."

It was a bright Sunday morning when this letter came to me: if in the great Cathedral of immensity I did no worship that day the fault surely was my own. Sterling affectionately refused to see me; which also was kind and wise. And four days before his death, there are some stanzas of verse for me, written as if in star-fire and immortal tears; which are among my sacred possessions, to be kept for myself alone.

His business with the world was done; the one business now to await silently what may lie in other grander worlds. "God is great," he was wont to say; "God is great." The Maurices were now constantly near him; Mrs. Maurice assiduously watched over him. On the evening of Wednesday, the 18th of September, his brother, as he did every two or three days, came down: found him in the old temper, weak in strength but not very sensibly weaker; they talked calmly together for an hour; then Anthony left his bedside, and retired for the night, not expecting any change. But suddenly, about eleven o'clock, there came a summons and alarm; hurrying to his brother's room he found his brother dying; and in a short time more the faint last struggle was ended, and all these struggles and strenuous often-foiled endeavours of eight-and-thirty years lay hushed in death.—*Carlyle.*

ADDRESS OF KOSSUTH

TO THE LADIES OF NEW YORK, AT TRIPLER HALL.

I WOULD I were able to answer that call. I would I were able conveniently to fill the place which your kindness has assigned to me; but really I am in despair. I do not know how many times I have spoken within the last fourteen days in New York. Permit me to make some few remarks which are suggested to my mind by what has been stated. You were pleased to say that Austria was blind to let me escape. Be assured it was not the merit of Austria. Austria would have been very glad to bury me, if not in the cold grave of death, at least in the equally cold grave of morality and government. But the Emperor of Turkey took courage to interfere with Austria; and notwithstanding all the reclamations of Austria, I am free—restored to life, because restored to duty and activity. If Austria had her will, it is true I should have vanished out of the memory of man. It is a curious fate which I have. Perhaps there never was a man in the world who was so fond of tranquility as I am; and perhaps no man so fond of doing as much good as possible without being known, or even noticed as being in the world. Thus, longing for tranquility it was my destiny never to have a single moment in my life to have it fulfilled. But my guiding star was, and will be, "Duty;" and the pleasure and delight of the heart must wait, even forever, if necessary, when duty calls.

Ladies, worn out as I am, still I am glad, very glad indeed, that it is the ladies of New York who have condescended to listen to my farewell. This my farewell, cannot, will not be eloquent. When in the midst of a busy day, the watchful cares of a guardian angel throw some flowers of joy in the thorny way of man, he gathers them up with thanks, a cheerful thrill quivers through his heart, like the melody of an Æolian harp; but the earnest duties of life soon claim his attention and his cares. The melodious thrill dies away, and on he must go, and on he goes, joyless, cherless, and cold, every fibre of his heart bent to the earnest duties of the day. But when the hard work of the day is done, and the stress of mind for a moment subsides, then the heart again claims its right, and the tender fingers of our memory gather up again the violets of joy which the guardian angel threw in our way, and we look at them with so much joy, we cherish them as the favourite gifts of life—we are so glad—as glad as the child on Christmas eve. These are the happiest moments of man's life. But when we are not noisy, not eloquent, we are silent, almost mute, like nature in a mid-summer's night, reposing from the burning heat of the day.

Ladies, that is my condition now. I am delivering my farewell address; and every compassionate smile, every warm grasp of the hand, every token of kindness which I have received [and I have received so many], every flower of consolation which the ladies of New York have thrown on my thorny way, rushes with double force to my memory. I feel so happy in this memory—there is a solemn tranquility about my mind; but in such a moment I would rather be silent than speak. I scarcely can speak. You know, ladies, that it is not the deepest feelings which are the loudest (applause). And besides, I have to say farewell to New York! This is a sorrowful word. What immense hopes are linked in my memory in this word New York—hopes of resurrection for my down-trodden fatherland—hopes of liberation for oppressed nations on the European continent! Will the expectations which the mighty outburst of New York's young and generous heart foreshadowed, be realized? Will these hopes be fulfilled, or will the ray of consolation which New York cast on the dark night of my fatherland—will it pass away like an electric flash? Oh, could I cast one single glance into the book of futurity! No, God forgive me this impious wish. It is He who hid the future from man, and what he does is well done. It were not good for man to know his destiny. The energy of his sense of duty would falter or subside, if we were assured of the failure or success of our aims (applause).

It is because we do not know the future that we retain our energy of duty. So will I go on in my work, with the full energy of my humble abilities, without despair, but with hope. It is Eastern blood which runs in my veins; and I come from the East. I have, accordingly, somewhat of Eastern fatalism in my disposition, but it is the fatalism of a Christian who trusts with unwavering faith in the boundless goodness of a Divine Providence. But among all these different feelings and thoughts that come upon me in the hour of my farewell, one thing is almost indispensable to me, and that is, the assurance that the sympathy I have met with here will not pass away like the cheers which a warbling girl receives on the stage—that it will be preserved as a principle, and that when the emotion subsides, the calmness of reflection will but strengthen it, because it is a principle. This consolation I wanted, and this consolation I have, because, ladies, I place it in your hands.

I bestow on your motherly and sisterly cares, the hopes of Europe's oppressed nations,—the hopes of civil, political, social and religious liberty. Oh, let me entreat you, with the brief and stammering words of a warm heart, overwhelmed with emotions and with sorrowful cares—let me entreat you, ladies, to be watchful of the sympathy of your people, like the mother over the cradle of her beloved child. It is worthy of your watchful care, because it is the cradle of regenerated humanity. Especially in regard to my poor fatherland, I have particular claims on the fairer and better half of humanity, which you are. The first of these claims is, that there is not, perhaps, on the face of the earth, a nation which in its institutions has shown more chivalric regard for ladies than the Hungarians. It is a praiseworthy trait of the Oriental character. You know that it was the Moorish race, in Spain, who were the founders of the chivalric era in Europe, so full of personal virtue, so full of noble deeds, so devoted to the service of ladies, to heroism, and to the protection of the oppressed.

You are told that the ladies of the East are almost degraded to less than a human condition, being secluded from all social life, and pent up within the harem's walls. And so it is. But you must not judge the East by the measure of European civilization. They have their own civilization, quite different from ours in views, inclinations, affections, and thoughts. Eastern mankind is traditional—the very soil retains the stamp of traditional antiquity. When you walk upon that old soil, with the Old Testament in your hand, and read the prophets and the patriarchs on the very spot where they lived and walked, you are astonished to find that nature is as it was five thousand years ago, and that the cedars still grow on Lebanon, under the shadow of which the patriarchs were protected. You see the well just as Jacob saw it when Rachael gave drink to him and his camels. Everything—the aspect of nature, the habits, the customs, the social life of the people, is measured, not by centuries, but by thousands of years. The women of the east live as they lived in the time of the patriarchs, and they feel happy. Let them remain so (applause); who can wish them more on earth than happiness?

Nothing is more ridiculous than to pity those who feel happy. But such is the fact, that there is almost a religious regard paid to women in the East. No man dares to injure or offend a woman there. He who would do so, would be despised by all like a dog. That respect goes so far, that the lord does not dare raise the carpet of his harem's door, still less enter it, where a pair of slippers before the threshold tells him that a lady is in the room (applause). Respect and reverence for women is the characteristic of the Orient. The Magyars are of Eastern stock, cast in Europe. We found all the blessings of civilization in your ladies; but we conserved for them the regard and reverence of our Oriental character. Nay, more than that, we carried these views into our institutions and into our laws. With us, the widow remains the head of the family, as the father was. As long as she lives, she is the mistress of the property of her deceased husband. The chivalrous spirit of the nation supposes she will provide, with motherly care, for the wants of her children, and she remains in possession so long as she bears her deceased husband's name.

The old constitution of Hungary, which we reformed upon a democratic basis—it having been aristocratic—under that instrument the widow of a lord had the right to send her representative to the parliament, and in the county elections of public functionaries, widows had a right to vote alike with the men. Perhaps this chivalric character of my nation, so full of regard toward the fair sex, may somewhat commend my mission to the ladies of America. Our second particular claim is, that the source of all the misfortune which now weighs so heavily upon my bleeding fatherland, is in two ladies—Catharine of Russia, and Sophia of Hapsburgh, the ambitious mother of the young Nero, Francis Joseph.

You know that one hundred and fifty years ago, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, the bravest of the brave, foreseeing the growth of Russia, and fearing that it would oppress and overwhelm civilization, ventured with a handful of men to overthrow the rising power of Russia. After immortal deeds, and almost fabulous victories, one loss made him a refugee upon Turkish soil, like myself. But, happier than myself, he succeeded in persuading Turkey of the necessity of checking Russia in her overwhelming ambition, and in curtailing her growth. On went Mehemet Balzordsi with his Turks, and met Peter the Czar, and pent him up in a corner, where there was no possibility of escape. There Mehemet held him with iron grasp, till hunger came to his aid. But nature claimed her rights, and in a council of war it was decided to surrender to Mehemet. Then Catherine, who was present in the camp, appeared in person before the Grand Vizier to sue for mercy. She was fair, and she was rich, with jewels of nameless value. She went to the Grand Vizier's tent. She came back without any jewels, but she brought mercy, and Russia was saved.

From that celebrated day dates the downfall of Turkey, and that of Russia's growth. Out of this source flowed the stream of Russian preponderance over the European continent; and down trodden liberty, and the nameless sufferings of Poland and of my poor native land, are the dreadful fruits of Catherine's success on that day, cursed in the records of humanity. The second lady who will be cursed through all posterity, in her memory, is Sophia, the mother of the present usurper of Hungary—she who had the ambitious dream to raise the limited power of a child upon the ruins of liberty, and on the neck of down trodden nations. It was her ambition—the evil genius of the house of Hapsburg in the present day—which brought desolation upon us.

I need only mention one fact to characterize what kind of a heart was in that cursed woman. On the anniversary of the day of Orad, where our martyrs bled, she came to the court with a bracelet of rubies gathered together in so many roses as were numbered by the hands of the brave Hungarians who fell there, and declared it a gift which she joyfully presented to the company as a memento which she wears on her very arm, to cherish its eternal memory, that she might not forget the pleasure she derived from the killing of those men who died at Orad. This very fact can give you a true knowledge of the character of that women. And this is the second claim to the ladies' sympathy for oppressed humanity and for my poor fatherland. I wish the free women of free America will help my down-fallen land to get out of that iron grasp, or to get out of those bloody fangs, and become independent and free.

Our third particular claim is the behaviour of our ladies during the last war. It is no wanton praise—it is a fact what I say—that, in my hard task to lead on the struggle, and to govern Hungary, I had no more powerful auxiliaries, and no more faithful executors of the will of the nation, than in the women of Hungary (applause). You know that in ancient Rome, after the battle of Cannæ, which was by Hannibal, the victor was afraid to come down to the very walls of Rome. The Senate called on the people spontaneously to sacrifice all their wealth on the altar of their fatherland, and the ladies were the first to do it. Every jewel, every ornament, was brought forth, so much so that the tribune judged it necessary to pass a law prohibiting the ladies of Rome to wear jewelry or any silk dresses, in order that it might not appear the ladies of Rome had not, by their own choice, have done so.

Now, we wanted in Hungary no such law. The women of Hungary brought all that they had (great applause). You would have been astonished to see how, in the most wealthy houses of Hungary, if you were invited to dinner, you would be forced to eat soup with iron spoons; and when the wounded and the sick—and many of them we had, because we fought hard—when the wounded and sick were not so well provided as it would have been our duty and our pleasure to do, I ordered the ministry and the respective public functionaries to take care of them. But the poor wounded went on suffering, and the ministry went on slowly providing for them. When I saw this, one single word to the ladies of Hungary, and in a few hours there was provision made for hundreds of thousands of sick (applause from the gentlemen present). And I never met a single mother who would have withheld her son from sharing in the battle; but I have met many who ordered and commanded their children to fight for their fatherland (applause). I saw many and many brides who urged on the bridegrooms to delay their day of happiness till they would come back victoriously from the battles of their fatherland.

Thus acted the ladies of Hungary. That country deserves to live; that country deserves to have a future left yet, which the women, as much as the men, love and cherish (applause). But I have a stronger motive than all these to claim your protecting sympathy for my country's cause. In the name of that ocean of bloody tears which the sacrilegious hand of the tyrant wrung from the eyes of the childless mothers, of the brides who beheld the hangman's sword between them and their wedding day—in the name of all those mothers, wives, brides, daughters and sisters, who, by thousands of thousands, weep over the graves of Magyars so dear to their hearts, and weep the bloody tears of a patriot (as they all are) over the face of their beloved native land—in the name of all those torturing stripes with which the flogging hand of Austrian tyrants dared to outrage humanity in the womankind of my native land—in the name of that daily curse against Austria with which even the prayers of our women are mixed—in the name of the nameless sufferings of my own dear wife (here the whole audience rose and cheered vehemently)—the faithful companion of my life—of her, who for months and for months was hunted by my country's tyrants, like a noble deer, not having, for months, a moment's rest, to repose her wearied head in safety, and no hope, no support, no protection but at the humble threshhold of the hard-working people, as noble and generous as they are poor—(applause)—in the name of my poor little children, who so young are scarcely conscious of their life, had already to learn what an Austrian prison is—in the name of all this, and what is still worse, in the name of down-trodden liberty, I claim, ladies of New York, your protecting sympathy for my country's cause. Nobody can do more for it than you. The heart of man is as soft wax in your tender hands. Mould it, ladies; mould it into the form of generous compassion for my country's wrongs, inspire it with the noble feelings of your own hearts, inspire it with the consciousness of your country's power, dignity and might. You are the framers of man's character. Whatever be the fate of man, one stamp he always bears on his brow—that which the mother's hand impressed upon the soul of the child. The smile of your lips can make a hero out of the coward—(applause)—and a generous man out of the egotist; one word from you inspires the youth to noble resolutions; the lustre of your eyes is the fairest reward for the toils of life. You can even blow up the feeble spark of energy in the breast of broken age, that once more it may blaze up in a noble, a generous deed before it dies.

All this power you have. Use it, ladies, use it in behalf of your country's glory, and for the benefit of oppressed humanity, and when you meet a cold calculator, who thinks by arithmetic when he is called to feel the wrongs of oppressed nations, convert him, ladies. Your smiles are commands, and the truth which pours forth instinctively from your hearts, is mightier than the logic articulated by any scholar. The Peri, excluded from Paradise, brought many generous gift to heaven in order to regain it. She brought the dying sigh of a patriot; the kiss of a faithful girl, imprinted upon the lips of her bridegroom, distorted by the venom of the plague. She brought many other fair gifts; but the doors of Paradise opened before her only when she brought with her the first prayer of a man converted to charity and brotherly love for his oppressed brethren and humanity.

I am told that one of the newspapers, with a kind and generous intention, has declared that the cause which I have the honour to plead has pointed out that there is a committee who are about to raise money for the purpose of revolutionizing Europe. I perfectly understand the kind intention of the generous friend who wrote these words; but I beg leave to remark, that it is not my intention to get any people whatever to aid in the revolution of Europe. My axiom is that of the Irish poet: "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow" (applause). All that I claim is fair play; and that is the aim for which I claim the United States to become the executive power of the laws of nature and of nature's God. The revolutions in Europe will be made by the nations of Europe; but that they shall have fair play, is what the nations of Europe expect from the protection of the United States of America.

Remember the power which you have and which I have endeavoured to point out in a few brief words. Remember this, and form associations; establish ladies' committees to raise substantial aid for Hungary. Who could, who would, refuse, when the melody of your voice is pleading the cause of my bleeding, of my oppressed native land? Now I have done. One word only remains to be said—a word of deep sorrow, the word—"Farewell, New York." New York! that word will forever make thrill every string of my heart. I am like a wandering bird. I am worse than a wandering bird. He may return to his summer home. I have no home on earth! Here I felt almost at home. But "Forward" is my call, and I must part. I part with the hope that the sympathy which I have met here is the trumpet sound of resurrection to my native land; I part with the hope that, having found here a short transitory home, will bring me yet back to my own beloved home, that my ashes may yet mix with the dust of my native soil. Ladies, remember Hungary, and—farewell!

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEVOTIONAL HYMN.

BY LUCY A. COLBY.

All spirits seek Thee, holy One,
As blossoms turn unto the sun!
Thro' mists we can but dimly see
The glory that surroundeth Thee—
Mists that from Doubt's dark fen arise
To cloud the visions of the skies—
Yet thanks to Thee! the glorious rays
That downward from the Empyrean blaze
Dispel these clouds and mists, as we
Draw near in love and faith to Thee!

Even the superstitious rite
Of nations sunk in Error's night
Betokens an intense desire
For something purer, holier, higher,
Than aught which this poor world bestows;
The Hindoo, where the Ganges flows,
Kneeling devoutly by its side,
Or laving in its sacred tide,
Pouring from bleeding brow and limb
Libations to his idols grim—

The Mussulman, repeating o'er
His Koran's consecrated lore—
The lonely Indian, in the woods
Of the great Western solitudes—
These, these thy untaught children be,
Yet round their daily path they see
Unearthly beauty; and the sky
That rears its azure arch on high,
Beaming with golden lights, which throw
Their radiance on the world below,
With awe and wonder fills their souls.
They know not Thee whose power controls
Those wandering orbs, whose watchful eye
O'erlooketh all that 'neath it lie,
Yet, thro' the thick, obscuring rays
Of ignorance, the scattered rays
Of light which faintly, dimly, fall
Like sunshine thro' a sable pall,
Their grateful hearts receive, as flowers
Receive the summer sun and showers.

Great God! Thy all embracing love
Descending gently from above
Remains unchanged thro' good and ill!
O! teach us so to do Thy will
That peace within our hearts may dwell,
And ever be to us 'a well
Of living waters,' and our life
Be guiltless 'mid a world of strife.

DANVERS, Mass. Dec., 8th, 1851.

THE LIKE AND THE DIFFERENT.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

A FEW months ago, the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, the member of the British Parliament for Oxford, published "Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government." Mr. Gladstone appears to be one of the most conservative Commoners in England; and he writes, if I mistake not, to one of the most conservative of the Lords. The letters have filled England with amazement. The work was published last July, and it is now the twenty-fourth of October while I write; but ten editions have already been exhausted in England, and the eleventh has had time to travel three thousand miles, and find its way to my desk.

Mr. Gladstone makes some disclosures which have astonished the simplicity of Father England. He accuses the Government of Naples, in its treatment of those accused of political offences, of "an outrage upon religion, upon civilization, upon humanity, and upon decency." What is more, he abundantly substantiates his accusation by details so horrible, that he thinks they will not be credited by his countrymen; for the actual wickedness of the Neapolitan Government surpasses all that Englishmen had thought it possible for malice to invent, or tyranny to inflict.

Here are some of the matters of fact, of a general nature. "It is not mere imperfection, not ambition in low quarters, not occasional severity, that I am about to describe; it is an incessant, systematic, deliberate violation of the law by the power appointed to watch over and maintain it. It is such violation of human and written law as this, carried on for the purpose of violating every other law, unwritten and eternal, human or divine." "It is the awful profanation of public religion, by its notorious alliance, in the governing powers, with the violation of every moral law, under the stimulant of fear and vengeance." "The effect of all this is total inversion of all the moral and social ideas. Law, instead of being respected, is odious. Force, and not affection, is the foundation of government. The governing power is clothed with all the vices for its attributes."

He thinks there are not less than twenty thousand prisoners for political offences, locked up in jail; between four and five hundred were to be tried for their lives on the fifteenth of May. Of one hundred and forty Deputies who formed the Legislative Assembly, in 1849, 76 had been arrested, or had fled into exile.

The law of Naples requires that "personal liberty shall be inviolable, except under a warrant from a Court of Justice, authorized for the purpose." But in defiance of this law, the Government watches and dogs the people: pays domiciliary visits very unceremoniously at night; ransacks houses; seizes papers; imprisons men by the score, by the hundred, by the thousand, without any warrant whatever, sometimes without any written authority at all, or anything beyond the word of a policeman."

After the illegal arrest, the trial is long delayed, sometimes more than two years. "Every effort is made to concoct a charge, by the perversion and partial production of real evidence; and, this failing, the resort is to perjury and forgery. The miserable creatures, to be found in most communities, who are ready to sell the liberty and life of fellow subjects for gain, and throw their own souls into the bargain, are deliberately employed by the Executive power to depose, according to their instructions, against the men whom it is thought desirable to ruin." If the defendant has counter evidence, he is not allowed to produce it in court.

Here are matters of fact of a more particular nature. The filth of the prison is beastly. The doctors never visit the prisoners. Three or four hundred prisoners "all slept in a long, low, vaulted room, having no light except from a single and very moderate sized grating at one end."

From December 7th, 1850, to February 3rd, 1851, Signor Pironte, a gentleman who had been a judge, was shut up in a cell "about eight feet square, below the level of the ground, with no light except a grating at the top of the wall, out of which he could not see." This was in the city of Naples.

Signor Carlo Poerio, formerly a minister of the Court, was illegally arrested, thrown into jail, and kept for seven or eight months in total ignorance of the offence charged against him. At length he was accused of belonging to a party which did not exist. He was tried by a special court. The only evidence against him was that of a hired and worthless informer of the government; even that was inconsistent, contradictory, and of no value. Of course, Signor Poerio was found guilty. He was sentenced to twenty-four years imprisonment in irons. He and sixteen others were confined in the Bagno of Nisida, in a cell about thirteen feet by ten, and ten feet high. When the beds were let down for these seventeen men, there was no space between them. The prisoners were chained in pairs, with irons that weigh about thirty-three pounds to each man. The chains are never taken off. The food is bread, and a soup so nauseous that only famine can force it down the throat.

To justify itself, the Government has published a, "Philosophical Catechism for the use of Schools,' which teaches the theory which the authorities practice. It declares that the prince is not bound to keep the constitution when it "impugns the right of sovereignty" of himself. "Whenever the people may have proposed a condition which impairs the sovereignty, [the arbitrary power of the king,] and when the prince may have promised to observe it, that proposal is an absurdity, that promise is null." "It is the business of the Sovereign" "to decide when the promise is null." This catechism, which seeks to justify the perjury of a monarch, and announces the theory of crime, is published by authority, and in the name of "the Most Holy and Almighty God, the Trinity in Unity."

The disclosures in Mr. Gladstone's letters filled England with horror. Even Naples fears the public opinion of Europe, and the Neapolitan Government became alarmed. Some attempts have been made by its officials, it is said, to deny the facts. The British thought them too bad to be true.

Yet the Government of Naples is not wholly inaccessible to mercy. For Mr. Morris, the American minister at Naples, becoming interested in a young man, Signor Domenico Nostromarina, confined in the island of Capri for some alleged political offence, asked his pardon of the king, and it was granted.

The American Declaration of Independence announces it as self-evident, that all men are created equal, and with certain unalienable rights, and amongst them the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and the design of Government is to secure those rights.

The Constitution of Massachusetts provides that "Every person has a right to be secure from all unreasonable searches and seizures of his person," and "all warrants therefor are contrary to this right, if the cause or foundation of them be not previously supported by oath or affirmation." But, in September, 1851, more than fifty persons were seized by the creatures of the city government of Boston, with no warrant, not for the purpose of a trial, and were publicly exhibited, by the marshal of the city, to the mob who came to stare at them.

In April, 1851, an officer in the pay of the city of Boston, with no warrant, seized Thomas Simms, then an inhabitant of that city, on a false pretence, by night, and brought him before a subaltern officer of the General Government of the United States. He was confined in a court house belonging to one of the counties of Massachusetts, which was, for the time, converted into a jail for his detention, contrary to the law of the State. Officers acting under the laws of Massachusetts, and subject to its penalties, aided in kidnapping and detaining this unfortunate man, though the law of Massachusetts forbid such conduct on their part.

At the request of Mr. Simms, I visited him in his place of confinement, where he was guarded by about a dozen men who were in the same room with him. One of them had a drawn sword in his hand. I learned some facts from him which need not be repeated here.

After what was called a trial, before a single man, and he a creature of the government, who was to be paid twice as much for deciding against his prisoner as for him, a trial conducted without "due form of law," Mr. Simms was sentenced to bondage for his natural life. Yet he was accused of no offence, except that of escaping from those who had stolen him from himself, and claimed his labour and his limbs as theirs.

When he was to be carried off, and delivered to his tormentors, fifteen hundred citizens of Boston volunteered to conduct the victim of illegal tyranny out of the State, and deliver him to the men who had taken him at first. Some of these volunteers were said to be men of property and standing in the town.

A brigade of soldiers, since called "The Simms Brigade," was called out at the expense of the city, and by direction of its magistrates, and kept under arms day and night, to aid in violating the laws of Massachusetts, and profaning the laws of God. Their head-quarters were in what was once called the "Cradle of Liberty," in Faneuil Hall.

The court-house was surrounded by chains for several days, and guarded by mercenaries of the city, hired for the purpose, and armed with bludgeons. I counted fourty-four of these men on guard at the same time. They molested and turned back men who had business in the court-house, but admitted any "gentleman from the South." The Judges of the State Courts stooped and crouched down, and crawled under the chain, to go, emblematically, to their places.

A portion of the city police, armed with swords, was drilled one day in a public square, and the movements of the awkward squad were a little ridiculous to such as had never seen British clowns under a drill serjeant. One of the by-standers laughed, and the chief police officer on the station threatened to lock him up in a jail if he laughed again.

The mayor of the city rose, soberly, and with two or three hundred of the police of the city, armed with bludgeons and swords, in the darkest hour of the night, took their victim, weeping, out of his jail. Some benevolent men furnished him with clothes for his voyage. He was then conducted by this crew of kidnappers through the principal street of the city to a vessel waiting to receive him. As he went on board, he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "This is Massachusetts liberty!" Several of the inhabitants of the city attended their victim to Savannah, in Georgia, whence he had fled away. There they were honoured with a public entertainment given by the citizens of that place.

Their victim was conducted to jail, and severely flogged. He was not allowed to see his mother, or any other relative. It was afterwards related that his master, still keeping him in jail, ordered him to be tortured every day with a certain number of lashes on his bare back, but once offered to remit a part of the torture on condition that he should ask pardon for running away: he refused, and took the blows. But one day, the jail-doctor, finding the man feeble and daily failing, told the master his slave was too unwell to bear that torture. The master said, "Damn him, give him the lashes if he dies!" and the lashes fell.

Since that time I have heard nothing of Mr. Simms; the *oubliettes* of Savannah have closed over him, and no one has told the story of his end. Some of the "religious" newspapers of the North have informed their readers that his master is "an excellent Christian."

Mr. Simms was a smart, dashing young fellow, of some one or two and twenty years. He had a wife at Savannah, (handsome, and nearly white), not belonging to his master, it is said. After his escape to Boston, he informed her of his hiding-place. She was the concubine of a white man, and told him her husband's secret. He informed the master, and at his direction, with some witnesses hired for the purpose, came to Boston in search of the runaway. By the illegal measures of the city government of Boston, the slave-hunter secured his object and returned home. In Boston, a dealer in goods for the Southern market, a rich man, entertained the slave-hunter and his crew while there, took them to ride in a coach, and gave them a costly supper at one of the principal hotels in the city.

The last legal effort to save the man from the terrible punishment which the Bostonians were desirous of inflicting upon him, was made by a distinguished citizen of this State, before the circuit Judge. I shall not now tell all I know about the mat